

THE LIVING AGE

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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

A TRIPLE ENTENTE IN ASIA?

ACCORDING to the *Manchester Guardian*, Japan struck a good bargain in giving recognition to the Soviet Government. In addition to fishery privileges on the Siberian Coast, she secured fifty per cent of the oil concessions in the northern, or Russian, half of Sakhalin, considerable coal, mining, and oil exploration rights in Siberia proper, a clause providing against Soviet propaganda in her own country, and other favors of a more or less special character. The *Saturday Review* ascribes the conclusion of this treaty, after four years of fruitless dickerings, to the 'steady worsening of Japanese-American relations during the last year,' and concludes that the 'root-inspiration of this treaty can hardly be anything else than common animosity against the Anglo-Saxon world.'

Russia is also doing well in China, where her representative, Mr. Karakhan, has been fishing rather successfully in the troubled waters stirred up by the late coup at Peking. George Sokolsky, one of the better-known press-writers in the Far East, in a

letter from Peking to the *North China Herald*, scoffs at the Bolshevist bogey, which he considers a red herring drawn across the trail to divert trusting European and American diplomats from the real course things are taking in that country. He says that the average legation dignitary, having once conceived the idea that Bolshevism is the enemy, 'holds to this view with that peculiar tenacity which cripples the intellectual processes of officialdom.' To be sure, some Chinese leaders, like Sun Yat-sen, are making capital out of Bolshevist policies as well as Russian friendship. Leaving Mr. Sokolsky for a moment, Dr. Sen delivered an address in Canton on the anniversary of the Bolshevist Revolution in Russia which, if we are to trust *Pravda's* report of the speech, probably summarizes his real convictions on this subject:—

We have assembled here to-day to commemorate the success of the Russian Revolution. Since China has been in contact with foreign Powers, she has been compelled to sign many unjust treaties and has lost much territory. In signing those treaties she signed away her sovereignty

and independence. Those treaties are a record of our enslavement. To-day our country is virtually a colony of the imperialist Powers, and the Chinese people are slaves. But since the Revolution the Soviet Government has voluntarily annulled all the unjust treaties and surrendered all the unjust rights and privileges that the former Government of that country had extorted from China. The victory of the Russian Revolution and the renunciation of Russia's old imperialist policy are phenomena without precedent in the history of mankind. Therefore, the victory of the Russian Revolution inaugurated a new era for China likewise. The present celebration has a double purpose: first, to commemorate the victory of the Russian Revolution, which has been a most powerful influence for freeing China; and second, to make this day a lesson and example for a revolution in China.

But to return to Mr. Sokolsky, the Pan-Asia Movement and an anti-foreignism that does not include Japan or Russia but is particularly hostile to the Anglo-Saxon, whether he be under the Stars and Stripes or the Union Jack, form the real political peril of the moment in the Orient.

When one faces facts and not Legation tea-parties, it is not surprising that Japan nurtures the Pan-Asiatic Movement in China. Nor is it surprising that so many Chinese believe that when the clash comes between China and the Western Powers over the questions involved in this so-called Bolshevism, which is really only anti-foreignism, Japan will be China's champion against the Powers. The Anfu Party of the Nishihara Loans, the Anfu Party which is now recognized by the Legations in Peking, is staging just that sort of play. And while it is being staged, the Anglo-Saxon Legations are frightened by an ugly word, while they pass by unnoticed the much uglier reality.

In the affairs of China before the recent war, Wu Pei-fu, Feng Yu-hsiang, and Chi Hsieh-yuan were to be found among those who were not subservient to the policy of any foreign nation in China. They were

not Japanese tools, British tools, or any man's tools. Had they desired to utilize foreign influence, say Japanese influence, there would have been a different story to tell. But they labored with a policy which may be summed up in the phrase, 'China for the Chinese.' They were not part of any Pan-Asiatic Movement. They were not concerned with Japan or India or Annam. Their interest was in China. . . .

A foreign nation has no need to fear the Chinese who adopts a strictly Chinese attitude toward China's problems. Such a man may be wrong-minded according to our understanding of the problem, but he will play no dirty tricks. The dangerous Chinese official is he who sells out to any foreign country, who betrays his own nation to another. The present Tuan Chi-jui Government consists of men who in 1918 and 1920 sold their country to Japan for gold.

'An Englishman long resident in China,' who writes in the British journal *Foreign Affairs*, is less alarmed by these conditions:—

There is evidence that certain Japanese organizations are active in promoting the feeling of antagonism against the West, and they tend to unite with the Soviet representatives and the Chinese enthusiasts in demanding a severance of all relations with the West. It is improbable that these organizations represent the bulk of Japanese sentiment, but they are no doubt a reflection of the Pan-Asiatic Movement which draws its inspiration and strength from the conflict of ideas and interests incident to the sudden meeting of two forms of civilization. It is not desirable to exaggerate the importance of this movement, but it is impossible to ignore it.

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CAN FRANCE PAY?

THE *Morning Post* publishes the following statistics of per capita taxation in the five leading countries involved in the World War, on the authority of Mr. Snowden, who was Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Labor Cabinet. It

should be borne in mind that in case of America this does not include State taxes, which are in some instances quite as heavy as Federal taxes, and which have no counterpart in France or Great Britain. In Germany likewise the State taxes are comparatively important; but the figures do not indicate whether or not these are accounted for in the table:—

Taxation Per Head

	1913-14	1923-4
United Kingdom.....	\$17.25	\$87.28
France.....	16.28	33.58
U. S. A. (Federal).....	6.80	32.56
Italy.....	10.38	16.26
Germany.....	7.46	19.76

The *Morning Post* lays stress on the ratio of increase in taxation as well as its absolute amount. J. L. Garvin of the *Observer*, in pleading for the repayment, at least in part, of the sums Great Britain lent her Allies during the war, advances the following argument based on a contrast between French prosperity and the business depression in Great Britain:—

We hold the view that French citizens, head for head, are as prosperous as our own, probably more prosperous, and as well able to bear equal taxation. During the war, British and American money was spent in France at a prodigious rate, while the recovery of Alsace-Lorraine—incomparably better equipped and economically more valuable than in 1871—was a splendid enlargement of the sources of national wealth. French trade flourishes to a corresponding degree.

The *Irish Statesman* speculates as follows upon the problem of international indebtedness in general and our attitude toward the French debt in particular:—

Americans are annoyed because France, which finds such difficulty in repaying money lent by the States, found no difficulty at all in providing large sums to lend to its Allies in Eastern and Southern

Europe, or for keeping up military establishments on a gigantic scale. From brooding on the ease with which capital was raised for purposes which promoted French political and economic interests, and the moral and material obstacles which arise when money has to be found to pay the United States, Americans grow irritated. It is difficult to know exactly what would be done if a great Power like France without directly repudiating its debts finally gave its creditors the impression that they might whistle for their money. No great Power except Russia has hitherto repudiated its international obligations. We doubt if such repudiation would bring about war, but economic war of the fiercest kind might follow, and every device known to financiers for the shattering of credit might be tried, causing, perhaps, as much disaster to the nations indulging in such conflicts as material war. Never before in the world has international indebtedness on such a huge scale created economic problems so difficult to solve. It is impossible to pay great yearly tributes without an international trade to enable the payments to be made.

The *Empire Review* thus presents the French point of view:—

In considering the attitude of France, it is well to remember two points, for all negotiations run smoother if the parties concerned put themselves from time to time in each other's position. In the first place, the French are temperamentally disinclined to believe in international motives ever being unselfish. We and the Americans hold that we came to the rescue of France largely from disinterested motives. The French scout the idea; the defeat of Germany was, they say, as vital to us as to them, and we ought to admit it. . . . The French are naturally reluctant to repudiate their debts. Indeed, we can be sure that they will not. But can they pay? And what can they pay? It is true they are more lightly taxed than we are, but France has not yet been able to meet her yearly liabilities out of revenue. She has only done so by borrowing in one form or another, and the more she borrows the more difficult it becomes to make her next Budget balance.

Meanwhile M. Clémentel, the French Minister of Finance, concludes his summary of the financial condition of his country before the Chamber of Deputies with this cheery prophecy:—

However weighty may be the burden the war has bequeathed to us, whatever the load of indebtedness that presses upon our national wealth, France will find in the immense wealth of her territory and her colonies the necessary sums for discharging the loans she has contracted in the defense of her frontiers. An old-established nation whose members possess, as ours do, traditional aptitudes for working and saving, has rich reserves, accumulated by successive generations. These—not always apparent at first sight—include the fertility of its soil, developed and improved by the labors of many centuries, its network of roads and railways, penetrating the most remote areas, its rivers and streams, regulated and widened by the canals it has constructed, its telegraphic and telephonic system, and all the equipment accumulated in its harbors and factories.



INDIAN IDEALISTS IN POLITICS

MR. DAS, the leader of the activist wing of the Indian Swarajists, to whom Gandhi has recently surrendered on the question of tactics, believes the time has come for his Party to change from destructive to constructive policies—that is, to busy itself with economic and educational reforms necessary to prepare the people of India for the task of governing themselves. Gandhi's surrender has seriously disheartened—we may say disillusioned—some of his supporters. Mr. George Joseph, one of his staunchest followers, who gave up practice at the bar and suffered imprisonment for a term as a conscientious supporter of the Noncoöperation policy, and who edited *Young India* during Mr. Gandhi's absence in jail, has ended by abandoning Noncoöperation altogether. He believes that a

defeated Party should acknowledge its defeat and should not continue a hopeless struggle. Describing his position in a recent interview he said:—

Noncoöperation was war. Many just wars are lost. If we failed we should not be ashamed of that, nor continue to harbor the spirit of war and ill-will. Since there is to be peace, let it be peace. It is the nation's interest to recognize the fact that strength for war being lacking, we should have good-will and spirit of coöperation enough for peace. . . . I did think that the nation would find salvation through noncoöperation. That dream is over; perhaps Providence means that she should find grace through coöperation.

Meanwhile Mr. Das is apparently striving to emulate Gandhi's unworldliness, despite the difference of their doctrines. He has turned over his large estate to a board of trustees to be administered for the public good—principally to found a girls' school, an orphanage, and certain other charitable institutions. The gift includes even his residence, as the donor proposes to retire with his family to a modest bungalow and to live on an income of fifty dollars or seventy-five dollars a month.

Some Indians, like some Chinese, however, have a flair for Bolshevism. It may be straining the point to include these propagandists among idealists—at least as the word may be applied to Mr. Gandhi and Mr. Das. Certainly their immediate programme is neither spiritual nor constructive, as witness the following pamphlet by one Manabendra Nath Roy, submitted as evidence in a seditious trial at Allahabad last November:—

Mass action will develop into organized agrarian strikes, into food riots, the plunder of corn-stocks, and assaults upon large estates with the idea of confiscation. The downtrodden peasantry must be made conscious of their right to live like human

beings, and our propaganda should be aimed at making them understand that they should conquer this right by militant action. Such action, properly organized on a large scale, will arouse them from their age-long mental and spiritual slavery, and make them conscious of their own right. Reactionary pacifism must be repudiated. What burst out spontaneously at Gorakhpur, Rae Bareilly, Chauri Chaura, Malabar, Central India, and what is going on in the Punjab, must be developed by every possible means. Peasant revolts should spread like wildfire from one end of the country to the other. We must formulate our programme to correspond to the economic interests of the masses, then go forward boldly with that programme till we reach our goal.

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HIS MASTER'S VOICE IN CHILE

JOSÉ VASCONCELOS, former Minister of Public Instruction in Mexico and an author of wide reputation in Latin America, deplors the situation in Chile as an example of the militarist usurpation that has been the bane of South American countries. He considers that even President Alessandri was — or shall we say again is? — only the tool of the army. 'The Senate and the Chamber could shout as much as they liked, but General Brieva silently dictated the orders that were obeyed. Poor Alessandri coined fine phrases and presided gracefully at public banquets, but General Brieva was ever at his elbow, the true ruler.'

He then proceeds to relate this personal experience: —

I was at the Presidential palace with Alessandri after a most friendly and cordial dinner, when Brieva took me aside and said: 'The students have gone crazy over the antipatriotic, Bolshevik doctrines that have got into the country from abroad. If the lecture you are announced to give to-morrow should lead to any disorders it will be my duty as commander of the army to suppress them, and bullets are no

respecters of persons.' He thus gave me to understand clearly that he would treat me like a common revolutionist.

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MINOR NOTES

GUADELOUPE, one of France's island colonies in the West Indies, which is represented in the French Parliament by a senator and two deputies, was the scene not long ago of a political tragedy that is likely to have some repercussions in the mother country. During the parliamentary campaign last May the feeling between the Radical and the Nationalist candidates ran high; and French officialdom, which enjoys more power abroad than it does at home, was charged with undue influence to secure the election of the Poincaré candidate, who succeeded at the polls. Following his election a series of bomb outrages occurred which culminated in a tremendous explosion at the home of one of the Radical politicians, in which four friends of the principal candidate of the Party were killed and two other persons fatally injured. This led to the arrest of the Radical leader Boisneuf and many of his followers. Complaints of conditions in the island reached the Paris Government, which led to the temporary recall of the Governor and the bringing of Boisneuf under arrest to Paris, where the incident has become a matter of lively political interest.

DON CARLOS VAN BUREN, a grandson of President Martin Van Buren, is a citizen of Santiago, Chile, where he is well known for his philanthropic activities.

AN uncorrected statement is still floating about to the effect that the Japanese Government replied unfavorably to the suggestion that our fleet visit Yokohama after the spring manoeuvres near Hawaii. Premier Kato, with

whom this rumor was alleged to have originated, promptly denied its truth, declaring that no such proposal was ever made by the American naval authorities and that therefore Japan had never taken note of such a proposal or expressed officially or otherwise an opinion regarding it.

ACCORDING to the *Westminster Gazette*, ninety-five per cent of the aspirants to enrollment in the police force of Great Britain are rejected by the doctors. A Government report dealing with this topic tells us that the high physical standards upon which the police authorities insist is only partially responsible for this. 'The general deterioration of the nation's physique

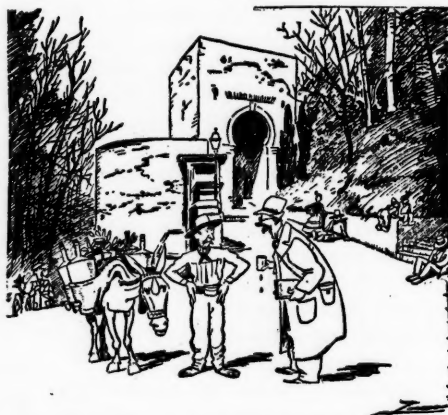
and the after-effects of war-time privations' are 'showing in those who have now reached manhood.' Yet the *Westminster Gazette* insists that examinations of school-children show that young boys are quite up to the usual physical standard. The army, although rejecting eighty per cent of the applications for enlistment on physical grounds, likewise finds that young boys offered to them under the new technical training scheme 'have little or nothing the matter with them.' This raises the question whether the unusual deterioration in the nation's physique, if it actually exists, is not due to faults of living that manifest themselves at the time when boys are passing into manhood.

THE SCHOOL OF THE FUTURE



A Japanese Satire on the Introduction of Universal Military Training into the Public Schools of Japan. — *Korea Daily News*

SPANISH PHILOSOPHY



TOURIST. Why do you have such bad roads in Spain?

NATIVE. To keep out the autos. We prefer to die of old age. — *La Voz*, Madrid

THE USE AND ABUSE OF OPIUM

A DEFENSE OF THE BRITISH STANDPOINT

From the *New Statesman*, January 24

(LONDON INDEPENDENT WEEKLY)

THE world has been notified this week, through the discussions which have been taking place at Geneva, of a somewhat serious difference of opinion between America and Great Britain on the subject of the suppression of the opium traffic. In reality, of course — since both Governments have the same object at heart — the difference may be regarded as arising out of a mere misunderstanding. This misunderstanding is due partly to differences of situation and of knowledge, and partly to the somewhat intemperate language into which the American delegate, Mr. Stephen G. Porter, was led by his uncompromising zeal for the instant abolition of a drug which has been in general and continuous use in Asia since the days of Babylon. Mr. Porter went even so far as to hint that the attitude of the British Government was not bona fide and that it really desired to safeguard the continuance of a trade which is of considerable economic importance to certain of its Eastern dependencies. It is to be feared that Mr. Porter's attitude — which is probably based on nothing more sinister than a lack of knowledge — may prevent any practical agreement being reached, and thus render the whole Conference abortive.

Very few people in England — and still fewer, we may suppose, in America — understand the ins and outs of this problem of opium. Opium and its derivatives are widely used in Mohammedan countries, where alcohol is forbidden, and recently they have begun to be very widely used in the

United States. But the ways in which they are used and the effects of such use differ very widely in different countries. In Persia, Turkestan, Arabia, and India opium is *eaten* — as a stimulant, a febrifuge, a narcotic, the most universal and well-understood of medicines. In these countries it is very rarely, if ever, abused, and the almost universal verdict of expert opinion is that it does far more good than harm. Its use by an Arab or a Hindu may be compared to the use of tobacco by a European — there is no evidence of seriously harmful effects.

The *smoking* of opium, which is practically confined to China and to places like Burma and the Malay Peninsula which have large Chinese or semi-Chinese populations, is quite another matter. In moderation it may do little harm to the individual smoker, but it has an undoubted tendency to create a 'craving,' and when used to excess may lead to results quite as bad as or even worse than those of the excessive use of raw alcoholic spirits.

Finally there is the use that is made of it in America, where it is consumed almost exclusively in the form of its main derivatives, morphia and heroin. The use of these drugs is, of course, entirely vicious even in the most moderate quantities. It is strictly comparable to the use of cocaine; these drugs form a 'habit' and a 'craving' — not sometimes, but always — and by common consent their use should be absolutely prohibited except where they are ordered by a qualified medical man

and administered under his direct supervision. Even then opium in these forms must be classed as a most dangerous drug.

Except for medical purposes, opium is not consumed in Europe to an appreciable extent; the morphia-maniac is a rare phenomenon. But in America the use of morphia and heroin has increased of late rapidly and dangerously; and it is easy to understand why American public opinion should desire sweeping measures of world-wide scope, not merely to prevent the manufacture and sale of these dangerous drugs, but even to prohibit the cultivation of the opium poppy from which they are obtained. Wild accusations have lately been leveled against the British Government for permitting the manufacture of opium in India and the export of certain definitely limited quantities to Hongkong and Singapore. Even Mr. Porter himself seems quite recently, if not now, to have been under the impression that the morphia and heroin which are said to be ravaging 'dry' America come from India. But the truth is that Indian opium is unsuitable for the manufacture of these derivatives which the Americans use, and is not, in fact, employed for that purpose at all. For smoking purposes, Indian opium is said to be as superior to Chinese opium as champagne is to *vin ordinaire*, but otherwise it is comparatively valueless.

From the point of view, therefore, of the British Government, it is the question of the opium *smoker* that is the most important. We are prepared to prohibit the export of Indian opium and to suppress altogether the smoking of opium in British territory if and when the Chinese Government is willing and able to prevent the cultivation of the poppy in China. This condition Mr. Porter seems to regard as patent evidence of insincerity on our part,

and he entirely refuses to accept it; but in point of fact it is a condition which mere common-sense obliges us to impose. It would be entirely useless for us to prohibit the export of Indian opium to Singapore and Hongkong as long as Chinese smugglers are free to introduce the inferior but much more powerful Chinese opium. And to prevent smuggling by land and sea is quite impossible. The only result of such a prohibition would be that the Chinese population of Burma and Malaya and Hongkong would smoke a much more dangerous form of opium, — and spend more on it to compensate the smuggler for his risks, — while the Government of the Straits Settlements, which at present derives over forty per cent of its revenue from its opium monopoly, would be obliged to impose new taxes upon the population. Meanwhile the possibility of bringing effective moral pressure to bear upon the Chinese Government with a view to the eventual abolition of opium-smoking would not be increased but decreased, for new vested interests would be created. There would thus be many losers and no gainers — except the Chinese smugglers. The British Government did, in fact, demonstrate its bona fides in this matter nearly twenty years ago when, in 1907, it came to an agreement with the Chinese Government that the export of Indian opium should be reduced by ten per cent per annum, provided that the cultivation of the poppy in China was simultaneously reduced in the same proportion. Both parties observed the agreement, and by 1917 the cultivation of the poppy in China was almost extinct. Then came the break-up of authority in China, and the production of Chinese opium on a greater scale than ever. The crucial question, therefore, is the ability of the Chinese Government to give effect to its undoubted

desire to prohibit poppy-growing, and it is strange that the Americans should not recognize this, more especially since their heroin and morphia come almost entirely from China and not at all from India.

The American authorities have taken up this attitude, we suppose, partly because of their ignorance of the facts, partly because of their 'puritan' tradition, — which excuses and even exalts such ignorance, — and partly because they want to find some scapegoat for their own failure to prevent the rapidly increasing use in the United States of the derivatives of Chinese opium. The result at any rate has been the adoption of a quite impossibilist attitude on the part of the American delegation in Geneva. It is difficult to know whether they really believe what they say or whether they are merely playing to the gallery of puritan sentiment in America. The problem is a strictly practical one, and the ostensibly drastic means which they propose for its solution are hopelessly impracticable. Unless, indeed, we grant them the excuse of ignorance, we must suppose that it is not we but they who are insincere in the matter. But probably they really do not know that there is a difference between Chinese opium and Indian opium, and between the chewing of opium and the injection of heroin. Probably also they do not recognize that the complete abolition of the use and cultivation of opium in Asia is not possible. Even if we were to prohibit in India the cultivation of a medicinal plant which has been almost universally used from remote ages and almost never abused, it would still be cultivated in Persia and Turkestan, and the control of the inevitable smuggling of opium in Asia would be fifty times as difficult as the almost farcically ineffective control of 'rum-running' into the United States.

Moreover, what right in any case has America or even Great Britain to attempt to interfere with the ancient habits of countries like Persia and India? Even the more vicious use of opium which obtains in China is a Chinese and not an Anglo-Saxon affair. And the infinitely more vicious use of its derivatives which has followed upon the adoption of prohibition in America can only be combated by efficient methods of exclusion. Washington has no right to blame Delhi and Teheran either for the vices of the American people or for its failure to control them.

That side of the 'opium problem' which may properly be regarded as an 'evil,' of more or less world-wide scope, will never, we may be sure, be solved until it is approached in a spirit very different from that which has been expressed in Geneva this week by the American representatives. If Mr. Porter's last word is America's last word, then we may as well abandon the problem as insoluble for the present. The prevalent American view seems to be that it is a 'moral' question upon which no compromise is possible; and no doubt that view is entirely justified as regards the vile misuse which Americans make of the ultimate derivatives of the poppy seed. But the normal use of opium in the Middle East and in India is no more a question of morality, or even of State policy, than is the consumption in Europe of claret or cigarettes. The British Government has put forward practical proposals for the drastic control of the manufacture of the pure drugs which are derived from opium, and also for the increasing restriction of opium-smoking. If those proposals are not carried and put into effect it will be due to American opposition, based upon a misconception of the differences between the use and abuse of opium and between what is possible and what is not.

A VISION OF THE COMING WORLD-ORDER

BY COUNT HERMANN KEYSERLING

From *Neue Freie Presse*, January 4, 11

(VIENNA NATIONALIST-LIBERAL DAILY)

[COUNT HERMANN KEYSERLING is a Baltic nobleman whose ancestors lived for generations under the Russian flag. His *Reisetagebuch eines Philosophen*, now translated into English and published in this country, is the most original and in many ways the most notable philosophical work that has appeared in Europe for many years. Having lost his estates through the Russian Revolution, he is now conducting in Germany a school of philosophy on a plan that harks back to Athenian precedents and suggests Rabindranath Tagore's school in India.]

ALTHOUGH the evolution I shall describe unfolds slowly, it is proceeding faster than I thought possible. This is due to the overfatigue that weakens every nation after its recent years of excessive strain. That fatigue shows its effect in their case with increasing clearness as time goes on, just as it does in case of the individual who draws too heavily on his strength and vitality in his prime and who pays for his prodigality with compound interest in later years.

If national overstrain is actually a determining factor in history, then certain specific consequences necessarily follow. The exhaustion of the majority makes any minorities that still retain their vigor disproportionately powerful. The same law applies to still fresh ideas, which, experience tells us, develop fastest in weakened media. The active minorities are

naturally attracted to these new theories, because only thus can they escape from the hampering limitations of their own karma.

Whenever a movement of serious historical import occurs, two opposite tendencies are always visible, corresponding to the rational, and to the irrational, impulses of their respective supporters. Since the World War and the Versailles Treaty, for instance, logical, reasoning, dynamic men recognize with increasing clearness that the equilibrium of Europe is no longer determined by the same forces as formerly. Every government is burdened with such heavy obligations that even under the most favorable circumstances it can barely meet them. No government any longer has a reserve of intellectual or spiritual capital for fresh initiatives. On the other hand, economic Europe, if left to itself, can easily recover. A great modern business-organization, especially if it rests on a supernational basis, is already a Great Power, against which no political government of to-day can measure itself on equal terms.

This truth, which has long been recognized by the great leaders of industry and finance, is now dawning upon all men of large understanding, and in response to this they are turning increasingly to the practical business-pursuits that in our day afford the larger promise for the future.

What will happen, then, if the dynamic, still vigorous minorities of weakened Europe turn their energies

entirely in this direction? Inevitably a new organ of authority will be created, compared with which political governments will be mere shadows. This new power will be fundamentally international. With the present distribution of capital, intelligence, and efficiency among nations, every great business-enterprise must inevitably transcend national frontiers. This internationalization of industry and finance will with equal certainty cause national governments to place ever greater emphasis upon their common interests in all treaties and agreements between themselves. The same forces are irresistibly operating to prevent any European country from prospering hereafter as an isolated commercial entity.

Consequently, all logical, reasoning, energetic men are to-day, either consciously or unconsciously, laboring to reorganize national life upon a new basis which will radically solve the old problems of international politics. First and foremost is the ancient question of political boundaries. These had their uses as long as time played a dominant rôle in intercourse. Now, when men are beginning to fly across the ocean in two days, the old frontiers are ceasing to be actualities.

We already begin to think of business as supreme in national life, and of politics as secondary. Actually this is not yet true. Consequently the instinct for power imperatively impels economic man to accelerate the incarnation of his thought in actual facts. Were it not for another factor in the situation, the captains of industry would not have hesitated to force this development at once to its logical conclusion regardless of consequences, because it so patently consults their personal interests. As it is, they have been compelled to placate a public opinion in which traditional ideals of social

welfare and justice play a decisive rôle — a rôle, let me say by way of parenthesis, which future humanity owes chiefly to the fact that Europe's history has lately entered into a socialist phase. Public opinion, therefore, forces big business in its own interest to justify itself by its service to the general welfare, just as England's enlightened egoism has in the past repeatedly saved Europe from self-destruction. In other words, big business rests its claim to be a decisive factor in world affairs, just as the English have rested their claim to Empire, upon the argument that it makes the world a better place to live in. This policy necessarily produces in the end mighty business-consolidations which, when they are finally achieved, will to all intents and purposes solve the problems bequeathed us by the late war and the Versailles Treaty. Pure reason already dictates a world-wide union of peoples and races, toward which the United States of Europe would be but a first step. Either consciously or unconsciously, all logical and practical-minded thinkers who occupy themselves with the future are striving by various paths toward this objective.

Entirely different, however, is the aim of the essentially irrational masses who form a majority in all countries. These seek to intensify national divisions. Unquestionably the common people of every land are becoming more 'patriotic.' Disillusioned in socialism, skeptical as to the actuality of Christianity, they are driven increasingly, by their instinctive longing for an ideal, to deify the nation. We observe this for example in Italy, where a former Social Democrat rules as an ultrapatriot; and we have an extreme form of the same phenomenon in Russia. Politicians and rulers must naturally follow the wishes of the masses — the more so since the com-

mon people are taking an ever larger interest in questions of government, and their national sentiment expresses itself with a growing power that keeps pace with their expanding intelligence and self-confidence.

This creates a virtually unsolvable contradiction between the idealistic and sentimental power exerted by a growing love of country over the emotional but unthinking common people, and the simultaneously strengthening power of the supernational ideal developing in the reasoning and less emotional minority. What will the outcome be? Since the contradiction is virtually unsolvable, the only way to escape a disastrous conflict will be by sedulously avoiding any incident that might bring this opposition to a climax. This is not so impossible as it might seem, because the exponents of the two opposing tendencies have little direct contact with each other. . . .

For a time these new tendencies will work under cover. Those who are laboring for a new federation of man on an economic basis — which is the only one possible under existing conditions — will be careful to keep their purposes concealed. They will do their best to divert political controversy to exclusively national questions in order the better to prepare quietly the supernational organization toward which they are groping. The patriotic masses will impotently resent the fact that they cannot fix anything specific upon their shrewder opponents. This stage may last a long time. Eventually the day will come, however, when the champions of supernationalism will no longer need to hide their purposes or tactics, for they will have power in their hands to take such measures as their judgment dictates.

What then? Thereupon the first great historical crisis since the World War will arise. For a time things may

go badly, but the final result will be predetermined from the beginning. Since all the elements of effective control will be in the possession of the supernationalists, their ideas will inevitably win. And as a consequence of this, supernational political organizations will necessarily arise: a United States of Europe, or, what seems to me more likely, a still more comprehensive union.

But this organization will simultaneously accommodate itself to a mature and sane sentiment of patriotism. There are possible precedents for this, perhaps in the process by which the German Empire was formed under Bismarck — its first outlines defined themselves as a customs union. In any case, it is extremely probable that the supernational organization will come about in a way quite different from that which the enthusiastic humanitarians of to-day anticipate. It will not be attained by a reconciliation of peoples, but rather by a growing national isolation compensated by close economic coöperation. The new organization will not resemble in any way our present conception of an international entity. The tension between national forces and supernational forces will continue to be acute. But it is only thus that something truly new can be brought about — not an international but a supernational world; something that is actually a unit but is internally highly differentiated. The universal and the particular invariably presuppose each other.

This phase of evolution, in which we are already involved, will lead us to something more comprehensive and yet even less definable than the Holy Roman Empire. Political factors in their present sense will become negligible. When nations habitually conduct themselves toward each other as individuals do in modern civilized society, foreign policies will cease to have a meaning.

My personal conviction is that the next succeeding stage in human history will be characterized by a new molecular constitution of society determined by the quality idea. As soon as an evolutionary process has attained its end, it ceases. That is the stage reached to-day by the ideals of democracy and majority-rule. Since the World War brought the ultimate victory of the democratic concept, we see a new aristocracy forming everywhere. Fascism and Bolshevism, both extreme aristocratic systems, illustrate this with especial force. Yet one is led by a former Socialist, and the other wears a Marxian garb. Both emphasize the law that the rise of new aristocracies is the logical historical outcome of the exhaustion of a democratic movement. In America the same impulse is manifesting itself in a renewed interest in eugenics, in the importance attached to the intelligence test, and in similar stresses upon the quality idea.

Up to the present this reaching out toward a new aristocracy is still dominated by the mechanical concept of ability to do things. In its completer evolution emphasis will doubtless be transferred from doing to being. Our purely efficient culture is on the decline. In the course of time the pendulum will swing back to the question, Who is he? rather than, What can he do? Primary importance will no longer be attached to the thing done, but to the man who does it. That revolution in our ideas will be the first step toward a culture that exalts man above his tools. Culture is fundamentally possible only as a culture of being rather than of doing. This new culture of being will be a much higher and finer culture than any of its predecessors, because, thanks to the progress we have made in the arts of doing and knowing, it will rest upon a far deeper and broader foundation.

SEEING AMERICA FROM THE KITCHEN

BY A GERMAN HOUSE-SERVANT

From Berliner Tageblatt, January 10, 13
(LIBERAL DAILY)

[THE German girl who wrote this article is a graduate of the Domestic Science School in Potsdam, and was for a time a teacher of domestic science at Nienburg-on-the-Weser. She is using a sabbatical year—or rather two years—to acquire a first-hand knowledge of conditions of domestic service in the United States.]

A COOK's vocation in the United States is presumably not much pleasanter

than in Germany, in spite of the higher pay and the more comfortable room and the private bath that she may enjoy in America. At the outset, of course, it is a thrilling experience to cross the ocean to the New World, full of curiosity as to what the adventure will bring; but when I found myself actually approaching New York, that metropolitan Switzerland of skyscrapers, my thoughts dwelt with some trepidation on my defective English and my ig-

norance of American cooking. Yet even at ominous Ellis Island they are courteous to women. The examiner smiled and passed me. A clergyman from an immigrant mission, to whom I had written in advance, met me and took me to a girls' home in the city.

Naturally I did not wait a minute to get out on the streets and see what this New World was like. I was rejoiced to see the magnificent fruits and vegetables displayed in the show-windows — immense grapefruits, pomegranates, bananas, and oranges. Although the American ladies I passed were wearing furs, I felt as if I had reached the edge of the tropics. And the fish shops were equally interesting. What an abundance of all kinds of fish — oysters, clams, lobsters, crabs, and snails! Indeed, my first impression of America was of a land of unbounded culinary possibilities. But should I be equal to dealing with them? I thought the best investment I could make at first would be an American cookbook, and I bought the thickest one I could find. It proved useless in my case, but it was at least a comfort to have it in my possession.

Next morning I went to an employment agency. Several ladies and young ladies pounced upon me, apparently happy to have found someone with absolutely no American experience. They surprised me with the information that a charming young woman was just then inquiring for precisely such a girl as I was. They informed the lady that I spoke excellent English, and that she ought to take me because I was 'intelligent.' That was a second surprise, for a German lady by whom I once had the misfortune to be employed used to din into my ears that the stupidest cooks were the best. Apparently this opinion does not prevail in the United States.

I guessed at the time that the lady in question probably found it difficult to

keep servants in the lonely suburb where she lived, and for that reason she might be anxious to have an 'intelligent' person around the house. In any case, I cheerfully accepted the position. But I was determined to sell my services as dearly as possible, and when asked my price promptly named the maximum of eighty dollars. The people at the office protested, and advised me to be contented at first with sixty-five, because I probably should have much to learn in a strange country like America. As I was convinced of this in the bottom of my heart, I consented to the reduction. My new mistress paid eight dollars to the agency, and I accompanied her to her home.

But only for nine days. It was not the sort of place I sought. I was not only cook, but maid of all work. I was required to prepare the meals, to serve as chambermaid, and to scrub two floors, literally on my knees, once a week. In addition, the 'light washing,' as it had been described to me, included all the laundry for four persons except the bed-linen — for American beds are so large that even the canniest housewife cannot include sheets in 'light washing.' I found the work exceedingly hard, even with the assistance of a colored second-girl. The latter sang Negro songs all day long. They vaguely reminded me of Bach.

What was the opinion of my mistress, Mrs. L——? In Germany everyone told me my English was wretched but my cooking excellent, and I counted upon the latter to carry me through in America. Mrs. L—— assured me that my English was excellent but that unhappily I could not cook — orthodox Jewish cooking, to be specific. But as I was, as they say in Germany, industrious and willing, she was decidedly put out when I gave her notice, telling her that I preferred a position where I should have only cooking to do. At the

end of my engagement I had a little dispute, for she tried to pay me one day less than she owed me. I had anticipated this, and had looked up all the necessary words in the dictionary before the settlement, so I emerged triumphant from the battle — and with twenty-five cents in addition.

The same employment agency sent me, the very next day, to a position in a fashionable quarter of New York, where I was to do only cooking and to receive seventy-five dollars a month. I called on the lady and she engaged me, but at a reduction of five dollars. More than that, I was to do all the housework for 'just a few days, until they went to the seashore.' Yet it seemed a satisfactory position — that is, in prospect.

Consequently it was with high spirits that I ascended the elevator next morning to the top of a tall, luxurious apartment-house on New York's west side. But I learned within a very few hours that I had only physically approached Heaven. The weather was frightfully hot. My new mistress was not blessed with an angelic disposition. She had just performed the only useful service to society of her whole life, — given birth to a baby, — and it had left her excessively nervous. She began with pedantic instructions as to just how I was to clean the apartment. Let me say that this was an unusual experience. As a rule, in America my new employers hardly took the trouble to show me where to find the things I needed for my work, and it is customary to leave servants largely to their own resources. Next I had to prepare breakfast. The first course was grapefruit. I had never prepared grapefruit before, and though it is the simplest thing in the world, naturally blundered. Mrs. T—— at once jumped to the conclusion that her dinner would be ruined, and kept running into the kitchen all day long to

give me new orders. As a result of trying to follow her instructions against my better judgment, two or three things were spoiled. For dessert she told me to bake a pie. This national American delicacy was a mystery into which I had not ventured to delve during my brief two weeks in the country. So I made an excellent German apple-cake that looked very much like a pie, and tasted decidedly better — to me. But the lady despised it.

Finally things came to such a pass that I had to inform Mrs. T—— plainly that I must have the kitchen to myself. There was another servant, a neat, white-haired nurse. One day when Mrs. T—— had gone out she exclaimed bitterly: 'I hate these rich people. I have been a regular slave all my life. My only comfort is to think of the chicken farm that I shall be able to buy in a year or two.' A few days later Mrs. T—— informed me that she preferred a cook who knew 'American ways.'

So I returned to the employment office, and inside an hour had my third position. It was described to me most alluringly. I was to be with charming people in a wonderfully beautiful suburb, where my only duties would be to cook and to take care of two bedrooms. The work might be a little heavier at first, because the people were getting ready to move to a fine new house. Immediately afterward there would be a wedding. But when that was over the family would consist of but four people, and my duties would be exceedingly light.

I have met very few ladies among my employers in the course of my life who have been absolutely honest in describing a situation to a prospective servant.

This place reminded me of the story of the spirit who came back from the next world to describe the life here-

after to a friend, and began his account with the words: 'It's all entirely different from what we thought.' To be sure, the moving into a half-finished house and the wedding came off according to schedule, but the new residence had no room for a second maid, and I was faced by the choice between seeking a new position or working myself almost to death. I chose the latter, because I had made up my mind that I would stay somewhere until I had earned an American recommendation. So I performed all the housework in a fourteen-room house, cooked three meals, washed the dishes, waited on table, and did my own laundry. It meant constant work for fifteen hours a day. By the time I had washed up one hundred and twenty dishes, at 8 P. M., I was a physical wreck. Finally my mistress began to be as worried as I was about my health. Also her conscience pricked her, because she had engaged me exclusively as a cook. The result was that she helped me get an easier place after I had been with her a month.

Although in my new position I had again to take care of a large house, to cook, and to wait on table, my duties seemed comparatively light. My mistress spent most of her time in her automobile. The other three members of the family were employed throughout the day. Consequently the house did not get dirty, and American domestic arrangements are in general more practical than in Germany. For example, the cleaning apparatus does not raise a dust like our brooms. More than that, the rooms are not crowded with unnecessary furniture. At my previous place my cooking had been satisfactory; here I was fairly deluged with praise. The more interesting provisions in the New York market are consumed for the most part by immigrants from Southern Europe, or their descendants. Native Americans confine themselves

to a monotonous routine of roast beef, steak, mutton chops, and chicken. They esteem our German cooking, but prefer the French, Austrian, or Swedish, more or less Americanized.

The house in which I was now working was surrounded by beautiful grounds. It was a constant delight to me to sit afternoons on the kitchen porch preparing the vegetables, and to watch the squirrels and birds in the neighboring shade-trees. A tall wild-cherry tree immediately in front of the porch was always alive with robin redbreasts. I discovered to my amusement that even the birds talk English in America. One kept warbling sweetly the words with which my mistress prefaced all her instructions: 'Will you? Will you?' Still another seemed to have come from Canada, for it kept repeating plaintively about three times a minute, 'Quebec! Quebec!'

My free days were an unending delight to me. I utilized them to explore America, taking long strolls through beautiful woods where grapevines and rhododendron grow wild, and climbing up to the shores of the lakes from which New York draws part of its water supply. Ruins of stone walls running through the woods showed that the land had once been under cultivation. I found many flowers and plants familiar to me in Germany, but grown larger and more luxuriant in the warmer American sun. Once I discovered a magnificent specimen of Turk's-cap. I began to feel for the first time that I could learn really to love a country where there were such beautiful plants. It seemed to me as if they grew out of the very heart of this new land.

Unhappily my good fortune was of short duration. Once when my mistress reproved me for a mistake in serving dinner her good-natured husband took my part. The lady never forgave it. After that she nagged me unceasingly

— indeed, almost unendurably after I was foolish enough to give her three weeks' notice. But I did my work with scrupulous care, for I wanted to get my second American recommendation here. My mistress knew that I was particularly anxious to have my cooking commended, but merely wrote that I was 'a good plain cook.' When I bade good-bye to her husband I said to him: 'I have been very unhappy in your house.' He answered: 'I know you have.'

This fourth position concluded my apprenticeship and the hardest part of my experience in America. I have talked with several German girls in domestic service, and it seems to be a natural law that greenhorns, who would be especially grateful for kind mistresses, invariably fall into the hands of the worst there are. From this time on I always had pleasanter people to work for. A governess who had had a lifetime of experience once said to me: 'There can be no such thing as friendship between servants and their employers in America.' Against my will I am forced to confirm this. But is such friendship not equally rare in Germany? A little recognition for faithful service! If people would only be more considerate of those whose happiness and comfort so largely depend upon them! How rare is the mistress who realizes that no one can be imprisoned in a house for 330 days a year, — after allowing for 'days off,' — and make a comfortable home for her and her family, without an occasional crisis of rebellion and revolt. Ladies would understand better the faults of their servants if they had been for a time in a similar dependent position. It is this feeling of imprisonment that makes servants change about so often. They always hope that the new jail will be a little better than the old one; and if it is not, at least it will be a change.

So in the course of my two years' experience I learned to know a number of American households. I secured so many excellent recommendations that I selected only the best to show when applying for a new position. But after eighteen months my craving for freedom became so strong that I packed my German knapsack and took to the open road. In two weeks I learned something about nine American states. How? Well, all that is necessary is for a woman to shoulder a knapsack that looks heavier than it weighs and start out on any country road. The chivalrous American cannot endure to see a woman tramping. Moreover, he may find his lonely automobile-ride a bit humdrum. So my two weeks' vacation became a series of 'lifts' — a glorious motor-car tour of two thousand English miles.

When I got back to New York, the idea of shutting myself up in a little kitchen was so distasteful that I decided to look for work by the day. To be sure, it is not easy to find a place as a cook when one wishes to have her evenings free — especially in a country where the principal meal comes late in the day. But I prefer this kind of work, with all its uncertainties. My room is not so comfortable as in a private house, and is more humbly furnished; I eat at restaurants where white men and Negroes sometimes sit down at the same table. But I am now really in America; I have time and energy to visit museums and libraries, and to hear lectures. I think of myself as a poor German poet, and find it very amusing.

Is it a case of 'All's well that ends well'? No, dear reader, but 'All's well.' To be sure, a cook's life in America is by no means perpetual bliss; but happiness is not the sole end of existence. Is not our chief object in this world to live and to have new ex-

periences? Is n't it a wonderful thing for us to broaden our horizon by learning to know intimately a world with the same civilization as our own but with an entirely different culture? Is n't it excellent to shed our timidities and fears and to confront boldly life's great adventure? . . .

The German who reads these lines will in all probability be a Berliner; and if so, he will discover many places where I made mistakes that he is sure he would have avoided. I honestly

advise any of my countrymen who have an opportunity to visit in America not to let the chance of thus enriching their life-experience escape them. Let their luggage — ah, what a ridiculously big trunk I brought with me! — be as light as possible, and let them leave out of it all their European pretensions, and the illusion that life is easier in America than in the Old World. . . . But above all, let them not forget to bring in it an inexhaustible supply of optimism, courage, and good humor.

AMONG THE AZTECS. III

BY 'TIO PEPÉ'

From *Volia Rossi*, November

(PRAGUE RUSSIAN-LANGUAGE SOCIAL-REVOLUTIONARY SEMIMONTHLY)

'My dearest friend,' Don Nicolas Barreño said to me in the 'office' of his distillery, 'I entirely agree with you — drunkenness is a great evil. All writers, all philosophers, say so. I myself, with all my soul, have constantly labored to uproot this social evil. But, *Santisima Virgen!* — you must understand other people, earning their bread by the sweat of their brows, and Sunday their only day of recreation! Shall we refuse these poor folks their only opportunity to drown their grief in one — nobody ever drinks more than one — bottle of rum? I am not working for myself, Don Pepé, but for the people, for whom I have always been ready to shed my blood. Yes, in this breast a heart beats that is ready to sacrifice all to our people — depraved by the late dictatorship. Don Pepé, you don't know me. A day — just one day — before the papers announced that the

Germans had invented poison gas to fight Spain —'

'France, excuse me.'

'Yes, France — that is one and the same thing — the same Latin soul! The day before they announced it, I had invented those same gases. You may ask my wife, my children! I was going to make thirty-three millions, when all of a sudden, after a sleepless night — the paper — Fate, dear friend, fate! Yes, dear friend, poison gases!' He made his customary *pas seul*.

'And by the way, here in Ueuete-petl, several persons threatened — he-he — to shoot one of our former Secretaries because he tried to tax this distillery. I — I'm nothing — nothing but a poor manager — I don't care. Yes, my dear friend,' — and he laughed nervously, — 'drunkenness is a great evil!'

Every day I spent a little time practising with my revolver in my back yard. The Indians who gathered at the fence told me that I was becoming quite a '*maestro*.'

The school tax came in slowly. The girls hung back from school, the tax was not paid. With the help of the *mayores* I called the parents to a general meeting. Complaints and sobs. 'We're short of working-hands. Somebody has got to do the washing, to look after the chickens and the cattle —' All the girls were said to be ill, all the boys 'drank badly,' as the parents put it. No money to pay the tax — and after all, why should girls be taught at all?

And those were the very same people who, one month ago, had besought me to open schools for their children.

The teacher complained that the number of absentees grew daily, that she had finally only twelve girls out of the original one hundred and fifty. I decreed a penalty: every tax-dodger should be fined twenty pesos or jailed for ten days; every parent keeping his child from school was to suffer the same penalty. It helped for a time; people began to pay the tax and to send the girls back to school.

Somebody started the rumor that everything was not as it should be between Mr. Secretary and the teacher; for Mr. Secretary has not been seen paying attention to the village girls.

My housemaid, Graciela, left me because I would not conform to custom. Custom seems to require that every white man display a minimum of affection for his housekeeper, whether or not he be married.

'Friends' from neighboring villages cautioned me never to be without my revolver; for my life was not safe because of the tax I had levied on the distillery and the shops; although the tax had never been paid.

Passion Week. On Friday evening, twelve chocolate-faced men in red shirts sat in a row in the ancient church before the altar. They wore wreaths on their monkeylike heads, and represented the Twelve Apostles. The young priest — a white man whom I had never met before, because the persecution of our democratic Government forced him to stay at home, although his opinion carries great weight with the Indians — performed the rite of washing the feet of the Apostles, which surely had never been washed before. Somewhere I heard the clanking of the chains — the man representing Christ walked to the Golgotha. The church was adorned with flowers; a flute sounded in the gallery. The Indians had stopped drinking and brought their pennies to the church. They are fervent Catholics, although I do not believe they clearly understand the difference between Christ and their ancient Uistli-Postli.

A new rumor: the Secretary was reported to eat the flesh of infants. An investigation showed that the church sextons were the source of this information. Everybody had heard by this time that on Good Friday the Secretary devoured an infant. The Municipal Council offered me to have the initiators of the rumor publicly flogged. I fined the offenders instead. Further investigation showed its origin to be this: in case of a night alarm custom requires the church-bell to be rung. Lately I had been wakened three times in the dead of the night by a great tumult of men running back and forth with guns in wild excitement. It appeared that the priest had rung the bell to celebrate the eve of saints' days. This could not be distinguished from a night alarm, and so I forbade it. As a result, I was proclaimed a child of Satan.

We received a Government decree, signed by the President of the Republic, to the effect that we, the authorities, must explain to the people that the true teachings of Christ were embodied, not in the Catholic Church, but in the doctrines of Karl Marx. On the same day I was asked to authorize a collection for the celebration of a patron-saint's day. This inoffensive custom is age-old. According to the new constitution I was supposed to forbid the celebration, at least not to authorize it. I circumvented the law and gave my permission.

Something had happened. I was told that the people were going to thank me publicly for what I had done for them and to ask me formally to exile Don Nicolas Barreño. Members of the Municipal Council declared publicly that Don Nicolas had been deceiving the people. The caciques, however, had ceased to greet me on the street. Don Nicolas went away for three days, and immediately afterward I received a paper from the Government demanding a full report on the expenditures of the municipality since 1913. At night I heard shooting near my house.

Robberies again. The population threatened to lynch the bandits in defiance of Don Filomeño. I wrote to the commander of the district troops asking him for twelve rifles to arm the citizens' militia which I succeeded in organizing. My request was refused, on the ground that arming people just before presidential elections would be imprudent. The victims of robberies came to see me every day to demand bloody retaliation. All the Indian members of the municipality declared that the wrongdoers must be caught by the citizens themselves, for the district judge could not be relied upon; he could not resist bribery. Toward evening all

Uuetepetl was one mass-meeting, and the people demanded that I exterminate the bandits. The constitution, on the other hand, guarantees the robbers a lawful trial, and all that.

The following night fourteen armed men with Don Emilio Rivera at their head went out to attack the bandits. In the morning five bandits were brought to prison, and Ignacio, their leader, was said to be badly wounded. He was brought before me.

'Won't you bandage his wounds first?' I asked someone. Ignacio was only about eighteen, and had a good-natured face. His head was one great wound, his right arm was cut with a sabre, but he stood firmly on his feet. Moving his thick tongue with difficulty, he declared that he was innocent, but contradicted himself. I confronted him with his victims. All pointed to him as the head bandit. No doubt was possible any longer. The law required me to deliver the criminals to the district authorities, but the Municipal Council protested vehemently. If we sent them to the district judge they were sure to escape, and their vengeance would be terrible. They must be either executed on the spot, or put into our prison, from which a child would have no difficulty in escaping.

'But, gentlemen, how about the law of the Republic? We have no right to execute them!'

The Council was pitiless. In the meantime the district judge galloped into the village and rushed into the courtroom. It did not surprise me in the least, for news here is transmitted like lightning.

The members of the Municipal Council barely nodded to him.

'Give me five mayores,' the judge said to me, 'and I assure you that the criminals will be safely brought before the court.'

At this moment something heavy plunged through the window. A stone. The mob began to howl. The judge turned deathly pale; the others were in a panic.

'*Linchar! Linchar!*' the mob outside howled.

Ignacio, the bandit leader, was white as a cloth and stared at me with huge, scared, childish eyes.

Another stone. It barely missed my head, and broke the inkpot on my desk. I felt that the moment was critical.

'Why don't you hand over this scoundrel to the mob!' cried Don Emilio Rivera.

'Hide me somewhere!' the judge whispered to me, more terrified than the bandit himself. And indeed, a horrible howl, 'Death to the judge!' came in through the windows.

I had an inspiration. Revolver in hand, I rushed downstairs and into the square. The noise subsided and whispers began.

'Citizens,' I shouted 'is this your confidence in your authorities? Did n't you demand of us that we catch the robbers? And now that they are defenseless, you want to deal with them like cowards! Are you any better than they? Very well, take those bandits, but I shall not be your Secretary for another hour. I thought you were honorable citizens, but you are brutes!'

A moment's silence. Then someone shouted: 'The Secretary is right!'

'*Viva el segretario!*' echoed the mob.

'Citizens!' I continued, 'go home and have confidence in me!' And I shook my revolver dramatically in the air. The people began to disperse.

'Leave this village immediately,' I said to the judge, who had lost all semblance of official dignity, 'and send me three or four soldiers right away.'

'Yes — yes — yes —' he stammered.

'Take the bandits to the prison,' I ordered. 'If a single one escapes or is

hurt, the President will be held responsible.'

I could see that the members of the Municipal Council were discontented, and knowing the fickleness of Indian sympathies I felt sure that my white 'opponents' would succeed in arousing the Indians against me. When I passed through the street, groups of people stood near Don Filomeño's tienda and in some other places, and once I heard a shout: —

'In league with the robbers!'

All the following night I heard shouting and shooting. At four o'clock in the morning Don Emilio burst into my apartment to tell me that Don Nicolas had kept the distillery open all night, and was handing out alcohol free for the asking. The mayores were useless because they were dead-drunk. Five young men were guarding the prison.

'It 's bad, Mr. Secretary, it 's very bad that you have n't submitted to the will of the people.'

I lost my patience.

'Why in the world did n't you finish them when you captured them, if you were determined to commit murder? Now that you have brought them to me alive, I am responsible before the law and before my own conscience. We are not murderers, Don Emilio!'

'That 's quite so, Mr. Secretary. And yet, Don Filomeño says that you took five hundred pesos from the bandits —'

'What?'

He only sighed.

'Well, Don Emilio, do you think I did?'

'Why, Mr. Secretary — of course, if I got five hundred pesos, I would, too, — you know I 'm with you!'

I was speechless. 'I 'll resign and leave these scoundrels to their own devices,' I decided to myself.

Later in the morning the soldiers I had requested finally arrived — a white sergeant and three well-armed privates. I accompanied them to the municipal building and announced that, first of all, the mayores would be severely punished for getting drunk while on duty. The five young men who guarded the prison were promised twenty-five pesos each, to be paid by the mayores. The soldiers took the bandits to the district court.

An hour later Ueueteptl was suddenly filled with running and shouting people. What was the matter?

A few miles from the village, in a forest, a band of 'citizens' had set upon the soldiers and bandits, had taken Ignacio and hanged him, and had left the other robbers to the soldiers. Don Emilio was at the head of the mob.

I received a paper from the district court, exonerating me from all responsibility in the lynching, because 'the people had mutinied.' Complete quiet reigned in Ueueteptl, as though nothing had ever happened.

A 'Municipal Congress' was to take place in Mexico City on May 17, and we must send a delegate. After the trouble with the bandits many of my former supporters sided with the caciques. Yet I was chosen delegate. The 'aristocracy' were embarrassed. They were afraid that I might enforce the sale tax on business in Ueueteptl. Everybody was very nice to me, and Don Nicolas was profuse in his professions of fatherly love and solicitude. But they had again stopped paying the school tax. There was no money for the teacher's salary.

'Mr. Secretary,' an old Indian said to me, 'you've been in many countries. Have you been in France?'

'Yes.'

'Tell me, how much maize do they gather from an acre in France?'

I am afraid my answer was unsatisfactory, for he shook his head and smiled.

'Do you know, Mr. Secretary, why the people wanted to kill those bandits?' Don Panchito, the President, asked me. 'You don't? It's because they were the only revolutionists in our village. We're all honest people. No one went in for revolution here save those scoundrels.'

Yet just at this time official orders came from Mexico directing us to organize Labor Units for the coming election campaign, and to teach Marxism.

'Tell me, Panchito, why do you think the revolution occurred in Mexico?'

'It's because the Yankees did n't like to see us peaceful and prosperous; so they bribed all kinds of bandits to rob the people. The rich don't care. They've put their money away secure and safe; but the poor people have been robbed and robbed — The Holy Virgin be praised, it's getting quieter now, and, God willing, Don Porfirio Diaz will come back yet.'

'He has been dead for a long time, Panchito.'

'Lord receive his soul!' the Indian exclaimed piously. 'It's going to be bad without him, Mr. Secretary. No law, just elections and elections. But then, Mr. Secretary, Joaquin — he works in the city — Joaquin told me that Don Porfirio is sending special agents to this country, to punish the revolutionists and to give land to the poor people.'

'Well, who are those agents?'

'He says they're called *Bolchevikistas*, and their general's name is *Bolcheviko* —'

Three days ago the Municipal Congress was opened here at Mexico City, with great pomp, by President Obregón in person. Municipalities from all

parts of the Republic were represented, but their delegates, or at least a vast majority of them, seemed to be men from the capital. Not a single Indian was among them. Two Indian representatives came, it is true; but the doorman would not admit them because they looked like tramps.

To-day political passions were in full swing. Shouting and abuse. For three days the Congress had been investigating reports that the State Governors were exercising undue pressure upon the municipalities. Resolution: 'To telegraph disapproval to the Governors.'

The right of a certain delegate to represent his municipality was contested. An entire session was spent arguing it out. Only four sessions remain. The programme contains a number of vitally important questions, that must be decided one way or the other; yet we have spent hours debating a casual motion to exclude from the convention all members who held official positions before 1910, because they cannot be relied upon to support the revolution.

To-day I asked for the floor.

'Gentlemen,' I said, 'considering the low cultural level of the people, their helplessness in the hands of usurers and profiteers, and their consequent inability to resist the control of the latter, I make the following motion: To recommend to the Congress of the Republic to abolish municipal self-government for ten years to come —'

I was not allowed to finish my speech. My voice was drowned by shouts of: —
'Reactionary!'
'Counter-revolutionary!'
'*Porfirista!*'

The Congress ended in a row be-

tween representatives of the Coöperative Bloc and the Labor-Socialist Bloc. It adjourned before taking up a single practical measure.

I accomplished at least one thing during my stay in Mexico City — with immense difficulties, to be sure. It was to federalize our two schools. The Ministry appointed a teacher for the boys and confirmed the appointment of the woman teacher I had found before. School supplies were also sent us. Besides, I was able to report to the Municipal Council that a lawyer whom I knew had volunteered to clear up the status of the American claim to the neighboring water-power.

Quite unexpectedly, an inspector-general arrived from the capital, and having fined Don Nicolas Barreño five thousand pesos for tax-dodging, locked up his distillery.

This was, of course, a result of my 'talks' in the city.

Last night my house was attacked. I defended myself and wounded one man, for I saw pools of blood on the ground in the morning. All the assailants fled. I was told confidentially that the 'robbers' were sent by the *caciques*.

Yesterday I signed my resignation, and I am leaving for Mexico City. My life is in danger, for, first of all, since the distillery has been closed, rum must be brought in from a distance at a much higher price. And I am blamed for it.

So I have abdicated my throne. I comfort myself by the thought that so many kings and emperors have lately had the same experience — and yet they live.

They say that the only person who regrets my resignation is the priest.

SPLEEN

BY THOMAS BURKE

From *T. P.'s & Cassell's Weekly*, October 4
(LONDON POPULAR JOURNAL)

AFTER a yesterday of fumbled business and testy encounters, carried over by a sleepless night, Josiah Cleemput stood in the bar of the Pealing Bells trying to drown a sorrow that had learned to swim. His head was a fly-cage, and his soul was suffering with prickly heat. He was about at the end of things.

He was a failure. He knew it, and Stewpony knew it, and Stewpony talked about it. After all his years of industry and denial he was a failure, while the slapdash George, who started equal with one shop, had now eight shops, a big house, two cars, and was mayor for the second time. Enough to make a fellow sick. Josiah, upright, clean-living and (until lately) teetotal, a failure; Scollick, the grasshopper, lover of wine and horses and life's lighter side, a resounding success. Old George was taken seriously, and his tritest sayings weighed and debated. Nobody looked at Josiah in the street, and if he spoke in company his voice failed to carry, and nobody listened. They did n't even sneer at him: they ignored him, or accepted him and his failure as they accepted the lamp-posts.

He was a nobody, one of life's misfits. He had a comedian's face and figure — wispy and birdlike, with facetious eyebrows — and a soul whose god was dignity and austerity. You had but to look at him to know that he would fail in everything he undertook — even in the final forlorn tussle with fortune from which most failures are permitted to snatch some makeshift trophy. Fatuous and frustrated, he fronted the

scorn of the world with fine thoughts and spineless ideals. He saw himself as Jack the Giant Killer, facing hordes of enemies; the martyr stoned by the materialist. His battle with old George had lasted long, and he knew that intelligent people, people of penetration, weighing the two, would have seen him as the hero of it. But there were n't any people of penetration in Stewpony, and he could n't even *feel* a hero. He could only see himself as his immediate world saw him.

What a world! Brr! The fitness of things! 'Gimme a double, miss.'

That George — he found it impossible to conceive that anywhere in England a more obnoxious creature existed. But hate and contempt are sorry satisfaction when you can't hurt or insult the enemy. Old George was n't conscious of being hated or deserving hate; he was so securely set in men's esteem that he would n't have believed Josiah's hate if he had been told of it. He was a business man, and if he had beaten poor old Josiah Cleemput, that was only part of the business game. At their beginning he had seen Cleemput as the only serious rival, and had gone out to match him, living up to and, later, beyond him; getting better goods, cutting his prices, dressing his windows with American display, and using all the latest notions in publicity and salesmanship. Had he been outdone by Cleemput he would have borne no ill-will — business was business.

But Cleemput, devoid of the business

instinct, and living with failure, nursed ill-will and fed on it, until he saw their competition as a grand dramatic conflict. Most cruel of all to his quivering nerves was old George's full-blooded magnanimity, and his 'Hard luck, ole man. Little more ginger in the first two years and you'd have had me down!' The man never seemed to realize how odious his success was. He was so bloomin' friendly. If he'd kept out of the way, lofty and self-sufficient, it would n't have been so bad. But he was just the same to-day as he had been in the beginning — bright and breezy to everybody. He would have been bright and breezy on the top steps of Zion. What had been a game to him had been life or death to Josiah, and now the thumbs were down. Josiah thought of old George when he first woke up; he thought of him all day; he thought of him last thing at night; and he dreamed of him.

And now, not satisfied with having crushed him and drawn his livelihood away, this magnificent mass of success had sent a man (had n't even come himself — had Sent a Man) to make an offer to buy him out. That's why Josiah was now drinking doubles in the Pealing Bells.

Buy out his business, eh? Buy him out in front of all the town, eh? *His* business! A useless thing, perhaps; a perpetual fret and grind; but he'd grown up with it, grown gray with it, and — Grr! His whiskey had a brown taste of gall.

Arm on the counter, head down, he stood gazing into a little spot of water on the polished mahogany. It reflected the light of the windows as a crystal, and held the room in little: a tiny room with doll's-house furniture, and the white clouds of the June morning moving across the pane. As he gazed into it he saw faintly the reflection of a corner of the square, caught through

the open door — a microcosm of Stew-pony; and in it he saw, point by point, his battle with old George. It was all there in that little spot of water, all his life's mischance.

In another corner the barmaid, blond and banal, talked with a customer. 'Old George going across the square. He's a lad, ain't he?'

'Ah, thassabout what 'e is!'

'Yuh! Thassabout the only word for him, eh?'

'Yuh! A fair Lad. Hear what he did over Clutterfield?' Mumble, mumble, mumble.

'No, reely? Did he? He is a One, ain't he? Nice sort of mayor, eh?'

'Still, he's a lad, eh?'

'Oh, he's a lad all right. No getting away from it. The way he does things!'

'Ah, thassit! He's got a way with him. An' the things he says, eh? And yet they all like him, eh?'

'Ah, it's that way he's got! Thassabout it.'

There they left him, satisfied that they had pierced his complexity. But Josiah drank another double, and continued to gaze into the spot of water and brood. Hang him! If he could only see him go bust. If he could just once knock him off his perch. If he could just once see him sprawling ignobly on his back. Lots of people would have liked to put him on the floor before now and kick some of the swank out of him. If he could go up and ask him: 'I say, George, don't you ever wake up in the middle of the night and wonder if you're quite such a devil of a feller as you think you are?' Something like that, eh? Or, better still, if he could get his hands on him — just once assert himself and make old George squeal, make the big lump see Josiah Cleemput seriously for once. It'd be a grand moment.

He sipped his whiskey, and found

that it no longer warmed him. His temples were throbbing. That little crystal on the counter was making his eyes ache, but he continued to gaze into it and brood.

Supposing he did! Supposing he did go for ole George — really go for him — make a scene and send him sprawling? Eh? That'd make 'em sit up. That'd show 'em that Josh was n't the poor thing they all thought him. Would n't it be worth it — to have his hands on that jolly face, his fingers round that neck? Those sneers, those motors, those eight shops — all built up and laid out as one grand taunt at a beaten rival. If ever a man had been worked up to —

Through the whiskey-cloud for one moment wisdom peeped. He saw himself suddenly with old George lying bruised and still before him. Eugene Aram. He shuddered, and his comic sense awoke. Josiah Cleemput a murderer! It was too funny. Don't be a fool. Killin' a man 'cos 'e got on and you ain't. What next? What if he does give you the laugh, eh? Nice thing if we was all to go about killing ev'body who laughs at us, eh? Silly ass!

But the cloud closed on him again, and the vision of old George at his feet took romantic color. He was quite sensible, quite; it would be a horrid thing to do. But when you thought of that George, the way he kept running against you in the street, and chi-iking you, and offering you lifts in his motor, and — and — it was enough to work a feller up to —

And on top of it all, after ten years of it — this. This offer to buy him out. This — The thought fell upon him like a drop of sealing wax. It burned him as though he had only just heard of it, and it continued to burn and crackle, and bring tears to his eyes. He dropped lower over the counter, his eyes staring until the little spot of water grew and blotted out the bar.

Buy him out, eh? And go about saying: 'Well, I bought up pore little Cleemput's show. That finishes him.' Finishes him, eh? Does it? See about that. See who's finished. Now, then, Mister Mayor!

He stopped on the step outside the Pealing Bells, and wiped his face. For some seconds the square danced before him and gaped. Then he was sober. His face resolved itself. His eyes became steady. He went slowly and straightly across the square to the line of George's shops.

'Is he in?'

He was led through a clerks' office and down a long passage which ended in a mahogany door. He noted the long passage and approved it. Old George sat in a leather armchair at a large pedestal desk. He swung round genially. 'Hallo, Josh! Owst things? Have a cigar? No? Well, thought it over?'

'No, I have n't. I just dropped in for a talk, like.'

'Good. No good doing things in a hurry — eh?'

'Sometimes it's best. One puts off and puts off too long sometimes.'

'Ah, jesso, jesso. Get a thing done, I say.'

'That's right. Like now, f'r instance.'

At the sharp tone old George looked up. He looked up into a white, strained face and idiotic eyes. As he saw the look in those eyes his right hand moved to the bell on his desk. But it never got there. The wrist was caught by Josh's left hand, and before George could rise or struggle the right hand was buried in his neck, and his head was forced back to the rail of the chair. Then all the accumulated venom of years was poured upon him.

'This is what I come to talk about. This! See? Yew — yew buy me up — eh? After all these years! Oh, you been mighty big, George, but it's my turn

now. See? You've had your run, Mister Blooming Mayor!' The big head rolled; the mouth tried to say, 'Josh! Josh!' The face went blue. 'Look down on me, doncha? Always have — eh? I'm nobody, am I? I'm down and out — eh? Buy me up, eh? Laugh at me, doncha? Well, laugh now, you lump!' Both hands went to the throat. His arms swung to and fro, and the great head swung with them. It was the first hard exercise he had had for years, but it came surprisingly easy. He'd got him now. George could n't laugh now. Go on, funny face — laugh. Laugh! But there were only faint struggles — gurgles — beating of the air — goggle eyes begging for mercy. Then as he held on and pressed, the mass dropped from his hands across the chair, collapsed, and slid to the floor with a foolish bump.

Josh stood and looked at it, breathing hard. Who was the failure now — eh? Who was a fool now? Look at him! 'Strordinary how easy it had been. He did n't feel a bit sorry. Not a bit. There was old George, quite still and silent.

From the long passage came the sound of steps. The steps were approaching the door. He turned sharply from the desk, and then — then he was netted head and foot in horror. The sleek, sunny room was suddenly filled with a cloud of fear. It got into his stomach, into his hands, into his joints — it was all round him. Through it the chair, the desk, the carpet, the telephone, the bell, all glimmered with character. They were not as other furniture; their very shadowiness expressed the sinister occasion. They were horrid presences that had lived with horror.

He went swiftly to the door. The door flew back on him. A girl blocked the way. 'Why? Whatever —'

Panic inspired him. 'Oh, heard me call — eh? He's had a fit. D'you know

first aid? I'll get Doctor Belford.' He streaked past her and down the long passage.

But he was scarcely in the street before many noises came from the shop, and three assistants were at the main door. 'Hi! Hey! Hey — you! Cleemput!' The cry seemed to be right at his ear, and without thought, abandoned to the instinct of the blood, he ran. And as he ran there grew behind him that noise that strikes the boldest with terror — the noise of hue and cry, when every living thing bends itself to the capture of one. His feet went mad. His chest went hot and tight. He wanted to be sick. From the square he turned into his home street, and as he turned he saw behind him a trail of men, women, children, dogs, and a constable. The cries grew stronger and fuller. He saw himself in the middle of the mob. His body felt their hands upon him, felt his clothes being torn from him, his limbs being twisted by furious men.

Oh, God, what a fool he'd been! Why? Why? What had old George done to him? Nothing. Jealousy — that's what it was. Nothing but jealousy. And because of it he'd done this thing. But they would n't have him. He had n't known why he had run this way, but now he saw superior guidance in his direction. Before him was the level crossing of the Midland. If he could reach that — the Manchester express would be along within the next minute; already he could see its balls of smoke beyond the trees. If he could get ahead of that —

'Hey! Hey!' Close behind him now came their cries. He could hear the plunk of their feet. With a tearing breath and a thrust of his leaden legs he hurled himself forward.

'Hey! Hi! You! Cleemput!' A big hand smacked on his shoulder.

He swung under it, swerved, and

shot his hands at a throat, and gripped it tight. The throat writhed and struggled, but he had him, and they went to the ground. Then they were all about him, and he was conscious of a mob and of many hands upon him, and of blows and clamor. But he kept his grip, and only when a foot took him in the neck did they get him away.

As three men dragged him up and held him by arms and collar, he looked round, blinking and gasping. He

looked round at the saloon bar of the Pealing Bells; at the white face of the barmaid; at the counter and at the spot of water; at the men who were holding him; at the dead body of old George on the floor. The man who held him by the collar was talking. 'Ar. Standin' at the bar, 'e was, staring down at the counter. An' old George come in, and smacked 'im on the back. An' 'e turns round and flies at 'im, an' — an' — an' does *that!*'

THE SPELLING BEEHIVE

BY ASHLEY STERNE

From the *Passing Show*, January 24
(LONDON COMIC WEEKLY)

POTTLEBY, my next-door neighbor, is one of those peculiarly constructed individuals who are never happy unless they have a grievance. If for the time being he has n't got one of his own — not counting Mrs. Pottleby — he'll borrow one, or make one, or adopt one. At the moment, however, the particular bee in his bowler is all his very own. I happened to meet him at his gate yesterday, and remembering that the Pottleby's once had a governess who was betrothed to the treasurer of a Slate Club who had found it wise to emigrate to Buenos Aires suddenly one Christmas Eve, I asked him if he could tell me, since he had a sort of secondhand interest in the country, the name of a South American lizard the thirteenth letter of which was probably 'q' but might be anything except a diphthong.

Pottleby was quite terse about it; refused to help me with my lizard, and

volunteered instead to give me a very apt name for a feeble-minded British journalist, the first letter of which was 'd' and the seventh 'f.'

'Statistics of the future,' he went on, brandishing his umbrella and rolling his eyes as if enacting a dumb charade to which the answer was the Communist Party, 'will undoubtedly afford evidence to prove that more homes have been broken up, more folks driven to drink, more crimes committed, through the introduction of the Crossword Puzzle into our daily lives than through any of the catastrophes which punctuate the poignant pages of "The Martyrdom of Man." Look around, and what do you see?' he bellowed, prodding me in the lunch with a huge forefinger.

I looked around, and saw a dastardly rate-collector thrusting a Final Demand into my letter-box — a form of cross-

word puzzle whose intricate beauties I fail wholly to appreciate. Pottleby, however, went on at full cock.

'Why, instead of attending to their business, City men slink into quiet teashops and concentrate all their energies upon discovering the name of an Abyssinian grasshopper whose final letter is "j" or a species of Bessarabian humming-bird whose initial is "x"!

'Housewives, when they ought to be busy counting the laundry or assembling the potato pie, shut themselves up behind locked doors and drawn blinds and rack their brains to find synonyms for such expressions as "a lover of wardrobes," "disused dromedaries," "pink string," and so forth; while the lives of the children are rendered unbearable by their being set to wade through atlases and gazetteers in order to identify Chinese volcanoes and obscure tributaries of the Amazon.'

Here Pottleby boiled over, and blew up in a cloud of steam; and here I returned to my little back-room (which, by virtue of the fact that it contains a Whitaker for 1903, a Bradshaw for 1896, a catalogue of last year's Royal Academy, Hymns Ancient and Modern, and other handy works of reference, I call my study), there to take up the cudgels on behalf of the crossword puzzle.

For there is much to be said in its favor in spite of Pottleby's jaundiced disclaimer.

For instance, women are learning to spell correctly such words as 'parallelogram' and 'ipecacuanha' without referring the matter to their menfolk; while we, in our turn, have been made familiar with the meaning of such hitherto mysterious terms as 'morcain,' which, personally, I always thought was an anæsthetic; and 'nainsook,' which I had imagined to be a sort of secret religion.

Both sexes, too, through delving into

the dark recesses of Webster and Chambers (whose royalties must lately have been making Ethel M. Dell's seem, by comparison, like a mere tip to a barber), have gleaned much enlightenment in the General Information department, and are going about with knobs of knowledge sticking out on their foreheads like the buffers on a railway engine.

Who of us three months ago was aware that the technical term for a burnisher of goldfish 'is a 'stimpter,' that the man who paints the eyebrows on dolls' faces is known as a 'gorpler,' that the instrument used for hollowing out thimbles is a 'squirk,' and that in the Rutlandshire dialect a Neo-Hellenist is called a 'gawpie'?

Again, this gathering of much out-of-the-way information has added quite a new zest to the more humdrum functions of social life. Clergymen expounding the singular saline properties possessed by Lot's wife commence with a brief reference to *svjōngulite* — a polymorphous mineral salt, dear brethren, found in the dried-up beds of Norwegian sardine-streams.

Writers of the approved pattern of vocal fox-trots are no longer considering it essential to make their singers yearn for Kentucky and Arizona. Instead, they are biffing them back to unpronounceable islands in the Malay Archipelago and villages in Czechoslovakia with names which sound like the gasp of exhausted soda-water siphons.

Even magistrates dealing with drunk-and-disorderlies draw mordant similes between the prisoner in the dock and the 'pku' — a species of Madagascar crocodile which possesses double vision, sings falsetto, and walks backward.

I cannot conclude these few remarks more fittingly, I think, than by setting my readers a little crossword puzzle of my own.

I may add that the little black square at the side may be disregarded, as it has only been inserted to make it look harder. Solutions must be written in yellow ink on the back of the paper only, and must be accompanied by birth certificate, wireless licence, and copies of three recent testimonials.

To the sender of the first correct solution opened I shall award a superb hand-sewn pork-pie for life.



HORIZONTALS. — 1. Two consonants.

3. Two more (Greek alphabet).

VERTICALS. — 1. A Zulu interjection denoting excessive boredom.

2. Noise made by ptarmigans when drinking ginger-beer.

A FRENCH THEATREGOER IN RUSSIA

BY PIERRE DAYE

From *l'Indépendance Belge*, December 20
(BRUSSELS LIBERAL-PROGRESSIVE DAILY)

DISCUSSING the strange Russia which Bolshevism has created, whose doctrines in all departments of thought, political and otherwise, are so different from our Occidental conceptions, my friend M. Pierre Daye, who has just returned from a trip to study the land of Lenin and Trotskii, declares that one of the things that most strongly impressed him was the powerful organization that the Soviet Government has imposed upon the Russian theatre. M. Daye described these characteristics at length, discussing the plays, the actors, the scenery, and all the results that arise from the strange point of view which I shall attempt to present to my readers.

'What plays are authorized for presentation in Russia under the Lunacharskii régime?' I asked him.

'Strange as it may seem,' replied M. Daye, 'the Bolsheviki are eclectic in their tastes. It is true they have proscribed the Russian and foreign

authors of the second half of the nineteenth century, who represent in their eyes that most dangerous of all things, "bourgeois modernism"; but on the other hand, they give over a large part of their programmes to international drama. Tolstoi is little played, because of his religious and bourgeois mysticism. Even Gor'kii is regarded with some distrust. The Red censorship prefers Dostoevskii, who has very powerfully translated the sufferings of the poor and the shame of Tsarist prisons, rather than the poet of *The Vagabonds* and *The Sea*. They play Gogol, Turgenev, and Ostrovskii. The commissars of the people, who have granted a good deal of attention to Romain Rolland's *Danton*, also tolerate Oscar Wilde's *Salome* and some of the plays of Paul Claudel. They are also rather partial to the classics, and frequently produce Racine and Shakespeare, both of whom are popular, the comedies of Labiche and Scribe, often

an operetta and such productions as *Girofle Girofla* and *La Fille de Mme. Angot*. Finally, Belgian authors are frequently performed. I remember having seen advertised in Moscow for production on the same evening in three different theatres *The Cloister*, *The Bluebird*, and *Le Cocu Magnifique*.

'So the theatre has not been greatly affected by the change of régime in Russia?'

'Not at all in the way you would imagine. The Bolsheviki instinctively recognized what an admirable instrument of propaganda among the masses the theatre offered, and were quick to use it for these purposes. Needless to say, the theatre, like all other institutions, was nationalized, and the number of playhouses grew to fantastic proportions. In 1917 there were 210 theatres in all Russia, 150 of which were suppressed during the revolutions, but within a year the total number had grown to over 6000, more than 2000 of which were subsidized by the State; while there were 3400 free theatres in the villages and even in workshops, not to mention 268 popular troupes.'

'And is there censorship as elsewhere?'

'Oh, yes, of course, an absolute censorship. Plays dating from the second half of the nineteenth century are completely banned from the stage, as I said before. A distinguished Soviet leader remarked to me, "The theatre, under the government of the Union of Soviet Republics, is a means of combat, and at the same time a place of recreation where the workers can set up an ideal world while waiting for its practical realization." The Bolsheviki regard dramatic art as a method of giving external expression to those doctrines and ideas which the Bolshevik régime needs in order to construct a society of workers. The result is that many of the popular theatres

present improvised plays and even a kind of *commedia dell'arte* which so exaggerates and distorts the kind of plays classically recognized that they amount to parody. As a rule, these productions receive admirable interpretation. Russian thought is best expressed in a dramatic form, and it must be admitted that some of its interpretations of certain types that exist in our bourgeois society are really extraordinarily comic.'

'What is the position of the actors under Bolshevik rule?'

'The actors enjoy an especially favored position. They are well paid, and well cared for, and no matter whether they are comedians, dancers, or acrobats, they are ranked in the category of useful intellectuals. There are a good many workingmen among them. In a word, Bolshevism no longer regards the actor in the light in which he is frequently regarded by our Occidental republics, — that is, as a kind of slave and clown, a "living lie," — but simply as a citizen who, as the pool reflects the forest, is to reflect the political and social life of the Soviets, and who must possess the highest intellectual acumen and physical ability, so that he may exercise over the masses of the people the double effect of force and strength. You can readily understand, therefore, the ideas of simplified stage-setting which exist in the Bolshevik Theatre.'

'We have heard a good deal about the extreme simplification that has been introduced by Meierhold, and at the Kamerny Theatre.'

'As a matter of fact the Kamerny still belongs to the old school, and it is Meierhold and his followers or imitators who come closest to true Bolshevik ideas, and who wage open warfare on what may be called "aestheticism." Stage-setting is a mere accessory which occupies second place.

The main interest is concentrated upon the actor who becomes a constructive element. In the more extreme forms of stage-settings the wings have been done away with entirely, so that while the principal performers are engaged in their rôles their assistants or some gymnasts are very likely to appear at the edge of the stage and begin various interludes. You may see the most fantastic oddities introduced into the midst of the most serious plays; perhaps a boxing-match, or a motor-cycle display on a real machine. The effect is often curious and always unexpected, with settings of strange and severe appearance. The actors appear in front of bare walls, often on a sort of scaffolding, as they did in the Middle Ages. Pictorial effects are banished. Accessories are roughly indicated and reduced to their most simple expression. The idea is that the spectators' whole attention shall become concentrated on the personality of the actor and the words which he is to utter. But the Bolsheviki nevertheless understand that the main law of the theatre is to please, and they have recourse to all manner of devices to scatter amusing bits or burlesque episodes here and there through plays which, because of their seriousness or their doctrinal teaching, run a chance of boring their not overcultured auditors. One gets the impression that the Bolshevik theatre has a special liking for symbolism, but it is an ultramodern symbolism, appearing in geometrical forms and employing machinery at every chance—for the Bolsheviki regard machinery as the agent of humanity's future emancipation, and the best means of promoting happiness and liberty.

'What plays especially impressed you?'

'I went frequently to the theatre during my stay in Russia, attending

performances of every kind. The freedom of their treatment is astonishing. As you may imagine, the Bolsheviki often make very queer adaptations of West European plays such as *Carmen* or *Lysistrata*, which they have turned into an antimilitaristic burlesque. I saw Reinhardt's production of *Saint Joan* in Berlin, and then I saw the same play in Moscow with the Kamerny setting, and I did n't even recognize it. The Russian version is a strange caricature of the clergy, royalty, and even of the armies. In the play one detail is worth noting. All the French soldiers wear costumes which are always in red, white, and blue, though of course they are cut in the mediæval style, and they also wear the kepi, the characteristic French military cap. The English soldiers are all costumed in khaki.

'One of the queerest plays in that great drama of propaganda which the Bolshevik theatre has inspired is a production called *The Destruction of Europe*. A syndicate of American financiers has been founded. It includes three characters: a manufacturer of razors, a manufacturer of preserves, and a third character who is disgusted with civilization and dreams of the destruction of Europe. He wishes to make the world into one great desert. To accomplish his purpose on a scale more ambitious than the methods of standardization, so much in vogue in the United States, he has the extraordinary idea of manufacturing rational human beings—that is, a series of automata.'

'The old dream of all those who have undertaken the great work, from Dædalus and Archytas of Tarenta to our own modern novelists, such as Edgar Allan Poe and H. G. Wells, not to mention Albert LeGrand.'

'Yes, but in this case scientific ideas become a part of political realities.

The trust for manufacturing "rational men" is formed. France has become Fascist, the United States are employing all the discoveries of chemical warfare to accomplish their designs. All the great countries of Europe are destroyed. As the play goes on one sees a great map showing how the capital cities are disappearing, one by one — yet even in such a production there is room for farce and burlesque. The very last representative of the bourgeois class — a Frenchman wearing an extraordinarily high hat — comes on the stage to announce that France is now no more. England is ravaged by famine. A group of lords are having dinner together, and doing ample justice to the menu, when — oh, horror! — one of them discovers an eyeglass on the platter, and the guests learn to their dismay that they have been dining upon one of the last survivors of their class!

'While this war of the worlds is in progress the Bolsheviks have made up their minds to bore an immense tunnel from Leningrad and Moscow to the United States. One fine morning Kronstadt sailors, with the red flag flying, burst out on American soil. The Terrorist organizations in America receive them in triumph, and finally the revolution becomes victorious in the United States. All of which stirs wild enthusiasm in the audience, by virtue of the exaggeration, the stage-tricks employed by Bolshevik melodrama, and the thousand-and-one parodies introduced. The American characters, for example, are represented as having all their teeth made of gold.'

Thus ran our interview while, with much enthusiasm and an indefatigable memory, M. Daye poured out his recollections of a side of contemporary Russian life of which little is known, yet which offers a kind of résumé of that new order of things which the Imperialists of the Kremlin are imposing upon the Slavic mind. M. Daye described some of the great Bolshevik reconstructions of historic events. One of these, *The Call of Kerenski*, was a kind of immense living-picture, staged in the open air with the Winter Palace as a background. The spectators themselves formed part of the actions, the army joined in. From eighty to a hundred thousand in all thus coöperated in this gigantic imitation of history. They saw the capture of the Winter Palace, with an astonishing effect produced by the use of perfectly trained and grouped masses of actors. At one moment the struggle for power between Menshevism and Bolshevism was symbolically interpreted by a tremendous rhythmic movement, a balancing from right to left, which imparted to the whole crowd the oscillation of a pendulum, whose regularity became a kind of hallucination.

'So this is a kind of propaganda by means of theatrical art?' I asked.

'Yes,' replied M. Daye, 'this is the propaganda by literature, by pictures, and by the mind itself which, according to Lenin's gospel, must follow the individual everywhere, from the cradle to the tomb. It is a propaganda which will bend everything to its own law, a propaganda which is engaged in turning out its standard "rational man" — Russian model — by millions of copies.'

THE WITCH DOCTOR AT WORK

BY C. J. S. THOMPSON

From *Discovery*, January
(LONDON SCIENTIFIC MONTHLY)

[MR. C. J. S. THOMPSON is Curator of the Wellcome Historical Medical Museum, London.]

THE causation of disease, as believed by primitive people throughout the world, may be traced back to prehistoric times. From the earliest records, probably going back five thousand years, we find the prevailing idea that the cause of disease in man was due to some demon or evil spirit that took possession of his body. Thus in a Babylonian tablet from the library of Assur-bani-pal, which is said to date from 3000 B.C., there is a formula of exorcism, which is translated as follows:—

Against the head of a man, exercises his power the execrable Tapa,
Against the life of a man, the cruel Nampa,
Against the neck, the dreadful Tiga,
Against the hand, the shocking Zeelal,
Against the chest, the terrible Alal,
and so on.

In contrast with this ancient formula the Cingalese of to-day have even further divisions of the body, and classify their demons according to their power and the symptoms produced. Thus they have a Demon of Deafness, a Demon of Blindness, a Demon of Cramp, a Demon of Fever, and of other morbid symptoms. These conditions are represented by masks like human faces, painted red, yellow, blue, and other bright colors. They employ the mask for the exorcism of the demon in the following way. The native medicine-man builds a small hut with a great number of niches, in each of

which he places one mask. Before the mask he makes a small altar upon which he sacrifices to the demon, while the patient lies down upon a litter. After the sacrifices he puts before his face the suitable mask and dances round the patient until, being exhausted and probably hypnotized, he falls to the ground. After this the patient is sent to his home and is supposed to be cured.

The object of the primitive practitioner of healing is to rid the body of the intruder who is causing the mischief. His methods are both physiological and psychological. In the physiological may be included such operations as trepanning with flint knives and scrapers, the opening of abscesses with similar instruments, cupping, and the use of fumigation of various parts of the body. Among the psychological methods may be included incantations, charms, and the use of fetish figures, hideous masks, rattles, and drums, all of which form part of the general treatment carried out by the medicine-man or witch doctor. Among barbaric races the medicine-man is an important personage, and in some tribes is even more powerful than the chief. His position is often a special and remarkable one, and his power and influence are usually very great.

The methods employed by the medicine-man or witch doctor for driving out the disease demon or evil spirit from the sick person vary with the tribe to which he belongs. Usually the beating of drums, the shaking of rattles, bells, clappers, and other noisy in-

struments, are employed as first treatment. The bells are generally made of metal. The rattles consist of large nuts with the seeds inside, or dried gourds in which small pebbles have been placed and then tied to a stick. Horns are also used, made from tusks, and wooden whistles, often carved in the shape of birds.

Fetish figures carved in wood also play an important part in the treatment of the sick. The connection between the fetish figure and the primitive practice of medicine is twofold. First, it may be used as an amulet or means of enchantment, or the spirit which affects it may be adjured to grant a petition or drive away the malignant demon that causes disease or misfortune.

In many of these fetish figures, especially those used in Africa, there is a cavity in the abdomen, generally covered by a piece of glass, behind which the so-called 'medicine' is placed. The treatment of healing proceeds as follows. After certain incantations, the proper remedy is placed in the figure. It is rarely administered to the patient, but occasionally some of it is mixed with palm wine and given to the sick person, in the belief that, if the demon escapes, the fetish will bring terrible punishment upon it. In some parts of the Congo region it is customary for the medicine-man to put a wood figure in some secret place in a wood or jungle. A person who desires to give his enemy pain will go to the medicine-man, who will then insert a sharp nail into the fetish, in the belief that this will cause the enemy severe pain in the arm, leg, or other part of the body. If the death of the enemy is desired, a nail is driven into some vital part such as the stomach or heart.

This figure is regarded as a mere piece of wood until it has been in the hands of the medicine-man, who puts

into it the proper charms or smears it with the proper 'medicine.'

In Mashonaland the medicine-man often employs divining bones to diagnose the complaint of a sick person, for the object is to discover the enemies who may have bewitched him, or the particular demon which has to be appeased by sacrifices, and has made known its desire by visiting the patient with mysterious illness. These are made of Shaka wood, one of the few timbers into which the familiar spirits of the medicine-man deign to enter, those of other trees being said to 'lie' by the tribe to which the medicine-man belongs.

Among the Boloki of the Upper Congo, witch doctors use a curious charm to ward off sleeping-sickness. A small clay bowl is painted bright yellow with red and green spots, and in it are placed a number of twigs cut from a shrub. Over the bowl is erected a little hut or shelter to preserve the charm from weather or decay and so protect the sufferer from serious relapses. Another charm, employed to relieve rheumatism, lumbago, malarial fever, and debility, is practised as follows. Two posts about five feet long are erected near the hut of the patient, and are painted bright yellow with red and green patches. This is done to entice the demon to leave the sufferer and enter the posts. Sugar cane, wine, and food are placed on the posts to attract the evil spirit, and the tops are connected by pieces of native twine in which loops are tied, designed to catch the disease-dealing demon should it try to escape. Should a bird become ensnared in one of these loops, it is regarded as a visible embodiment of the demon of disease, who has been caught in this guise.

Among the forest and menial tribes of Northern India, the Begat or healer squats beside the patient, speaking some meaningless words which are re-

garded as a kind of oracle. He then waves round the head of the patient a bunch of peacock feathers, which is supposed to drive away the evil spirit causing the disease. The Veddas of Ceylon are treated by the medicine-man holding a bow balanced by the string while he recites an invocation to determine to which Yaku or spirit of the dead the patient's illness is due. When the right name is spoken the bow is said to swing to and fro. The shaman or witch doctor of the Dakota Indians claims to be able to expel the evil spirit that causes the disease, first by calling on the aid of some other demon by means of incantations and ceremonies, and then by making noises and sucking various parts of the patient's body with a hollow bone. He then discharges a gun, which is said to destroy the demon as it passes by the door of the tent. Among other American Indian tribes, massage, fumigation, and a primitive form of hot-air bath are also employed.

The native medicine-men in Central and East Africa deal largely in charms, which they sell at high prices. The Babundas, Bapende, and other tribes of the Congo district wear charms to prevent sleeping-sickness. These are generally carved in ivory or bone or fashioned in brass, and represent native heads, the eyes having the heavy closed lids so typical of the disease. A ring of rhinoceros-hide is worn as a protection against fever in Nyassaland, and an armlet of snake-skin is believed by Kafirs to prevent rheumatism. A leopard's claw or a crocodile's tooth carved with a small fetish-head is commonly used on the Congo as an amulet against disease, and among the Bagongo small antelope-horns filled with a mixture of herbs and animal substances are believed to endue the owner with powerful protective properties against various illnesses.

The dress of the medicine-man, when he wears any costume at all, is usually of a weird and fantastic description, and varies according to the tribe or region to which he belongs.

In some parts of Africa, especially in the Congo region, a complete costume of native string, either closely or loosely woven, is worn. It is generally made in one piece, and covers the body from the neck to the legs, a long fringe being left round the wrist and ankles. Some have a long tail appended, reaching to the ground, while round the waist a girdle of twisted fibre is worn, from which hangs the bag.

In parts of East Africa, the medicine-man wears a closely woven tunic, with a skirt or kilt composed of the pelts of animals. Skins are also sometimes worn, hanging from the shoulders. In other districts, the medicine-man's dress consists of a necklace of beads and a decorated loin-cloth.

The devil-dancers' masks are usually grotesquely carved and painted, and are generally made of wood, sometimes covered with skin, and the faces are made more hideous by being daubed and painted in various colors. Some are surmounted by the figures of leopards or other animals, and from the chin a long beard sometimes hangs, which reaches to the waist. Among the South African native tribes, the medicine-man rarely wears an elaborate costume, but decorates himself with beaded scarves on which bells are sometimes hung, and he often paints his body in various colors. Kafir witch doctors, however, sometimes don a very elaborate dress consisting of a headdress of feathers and shells, with a curious mask over the face. The rest of the body is covered with a robe made chiefly from skins and grasses decorated with bead-work.

In contrast with their fellows of the eastern hemisphere, the shamans or

medicine-men of the North American Indians generally envelop themselves in complete bearskins, which give them an awe-inspiring appearance.

An important part of the paraphernalia of the African medicine-man is his bag or pouch, in which he carries his drugs and various oddments for use in his practice. Some of these bags are of large size; others, such as those used by the Kafir and Basuto witch doctors, are small, and are more of a pouch than a bag. They usually contain a strange assortment of objects, including the head-bones of antelopes, the claws of birds, and bones of various animals, which are used during the treatment of the patient. In Central and West Africa the medicine-man's bag is made of the skin of some animal peculiar to the district in which he lives, a special charm being believed to be connected with it. The skin of the polecat is frequently used for this purpose, the hairy side forming the exterior of the receptacle, and when the skins of birds are used the feathers are always put outside.

The medicine-men of the Loanda Negroes sometimes wrap up their drugs in pieces of red cloth decorated with small bells. In these they put various shells, nuts, small pebbles, and the scrapings of certain horns, which are held to be powerful remedies. The contents of some of the medicine-men's bags are varied and curious. An examination of some in the collection in the Wellcome Historical Medical Museum has revealed a varying and extraordinary assortment of objects.

The first is a bag formed from the pelt of a wild cat, which measures thirty inches by six inches. Its contents consist of a necklace of blue and white glass beads, with one cowrie, a necklace of cowries and bean pods, some small horns filled with a sticky substance, a small cotton bag, a piece of hollow

bamboo four and a half inches long, an empty matchbox labeled 'Three-Star Safety Matches, Made in Sweden,' a fragment of bone hollowed out and apparently used as a container, another piece of bamboo six inches long, the metal portion of an old pocketknife, a pod of *Cassia fistula*, a metal ring two inches in diameter, three charms in the form of small bags made of material on a plaited string, a horn container with pieces of straw and string with shells attached, a tail of an animal, two small beans, a portion of the skin of an animal with brown fur, a bag of native cloth bound with a piece of twine, the head of a small bird, three pieces of the stem of a tree, and the twigs of a shrub two and a half inches long.

Another bag of different shape is made of the pelt of a small animal, and measures twelve inches long by seven inches wide. It has a flap to which are attached five primitive instruments, evidently used for surgical operations. One of these, with a sharp blade, is shaped like a scalpel, another has a curved blade, and there are also two straight instruments, probably used for extracting foreign bodies from a wound.

Another African medicine-man's bag of hide measures eleven and a half inches long by eleven inches wide. It contains five torpedo-shaped gourd bottles or calabashes decorated with skins and containing Kikuyea powder used as a remedy, a small calabash containing a powdered root used to promote vomiting after the ordeal ceremonies used by the medicine-man, and a hair switch used in the ceremonies.

A Kafir witch doctor's pouch measuring eleven inches by eight inches was found to contain an old knife with a bone handle and the blade half ground down. It was probably used by the owner for surgical purposes. An interesting bag is one from West Africa. It is oblong in shape and made of soft

skin, eighteen inches long by six inches wide. The mouth of the bag, which is bottle-shaped, contains a bisected gourd into which is inserted a drum, and when the bag is compressed, concertina fashion, it emits a squeaking noise, which the medicine-man assigns to the demon which he keeps inside the bag. It also contains some stones which rattle when the bag is shaken.

Another bag is made of the complete skin of a polecat, including the head and legs. It is twenty inches long, and contains two horns filled with some solid substance used as a medicine, a pod containing seeds, and a piece of bone wrapped in a very dirty piece of cloth tied with string.

The treatment employed by the medicine-men of the Somali and also in certain districts of East Africa is largely mixed up with astrology and the sale of written charms and horoscopes. A bag used by a witch doctor in this region is made of cotton fabric originally of a buff color, stamped with a design of a small circle in black, and bound with a red material like braid, and contains a number of pieces of paper inscribed in Arabic, evidently used as charms, the lid of an Havana cigar-box, several pieces of old colored fabric, a piece of wood of a pestle shape covered with fabric and bound with red braid, two pocket handkerchiefs of Indian calico with a blue border.

The materia medica of witch doctors includes the bark, roots, fruits, and juices of various trees, shrubs, and plants, and also many animal substances, including human blood and

the internal organs and secretions of animals and reptiles, which they regard as important remedies. Parts of the crocodile, in particular, are especially esteemed in some parts of Africa, and Sir David Bruce states that in Nyassaland nearly every part of the internal economy of the crocodile is valued by the natives for its remedial properties.

The knowledge of poisons, both animal and vegetable, possessed by the medicine-men and witch doctors of Africa is considerable. The sources of those which they employ for ordeal or for poisoning their darts or arrows they guard with great secrecy. Naturally, the drugs they use are those peculiar to the regions in which they live. Thus the Malay jungle natives use the sap of the Upas tree, which contains a powerful poisonous principle. Certain tribes of South American Indians use curare, another virulent poison, which is extracted from a species of *Strychnos*. The Bolantos of West Africa employ sassy bark, and other tribes in this region use the Calabar bean, kombe (*Strophanthus*), and others.

We owe the discovery of the last two drugs, the active principles of which have proved of such great value in modern medical practice, to native medicine-men. To the shamans of North and South America we are also indebted for our knowledge of other valuable remedies, such as the familiar *Cascara sagrada* and the *Cinchona* (from which we obtain quinine), which was employed by South American tribes as a remedy for fever centuries before it was introduced into Europe.

A BRAZILIAN SNAKE GARDEN

BY LUCIANO MAGRINI

FROM *Corriere della Sera*, December 3
(MILAN LIBERAL DAILY)

A TRAVELER on his first trip from Santos to São Paulo over that miracle of engineering, the English railway that climbs the densely wooded façade of Serra do Mar, — the enormous mountain-buttress that the interior plateau of Brazil thrusts out toward the coast, — might well imagine that he was journeying toward a land of dreams. He ascends between forest walls half-concealed in mountain mists, which veil the outlines of the distant landscape and add to the mystery of the jungle of ferns, lianas, and parasites that drape the tall, slender palms, the expansive and decorative rubber-trees, and the gloomy araucarian pines that border the route.

But a disappointment awaits him. São Paulo, in her vulgar opulence, is no dream-city. This capital of rich *fazendeiros* is an overgrown camp of public buildings, private villas, and rows of low, one-storied houses monotonously aligned along broad, dusty streets. She is the home of a horde of impatient and adventurous traders possessed of that money-making fever that drives out every other thought and interest, and leaves no desire or leisure for higher things. She is a city of chaos and disharmony, albeit generous Nature does so much to conceal her rawness under the sumptuous vegetation of the tropics. She is a city rich in money, but poor in art, even though her most prominent building is a huge municipal theatre.

Nevertheless, half an hour away from São Paulo, upon an elevation

dominating the city, lies an oasis in this intellectual desert. It is Butantan Institute — a serpent laboratory and headquarters of a persistent war against the venomous reptiles that kill, according to popular and possibly exaggerated estimates, four thousand people annually in Brazil. This institute was founded by its present director, Dr. Vidal Brazil, to follow up the experiments and investigations of the French scientist Calmette, who obtained from a horse inoculated with the venom of the Indian cobra a serum that neutralized the poison of that particular snake. On the hypothesis that any poison inoculated into suitable animals will generate an antitoxin, Dr. Brazil has made long and laborious researches with the snakes of his native country, and has succeeded in producing a series of antitoxins that have proved effective in very many cases.

South America has 254 recorded species of snakes, of which forty-two are poisonous. Of this number 155 species, including twenty-three poisonous varieties, are known to exist in Brazil. A study of that country's venomous reptiles has led to their classification in three main groups, each of which has its distinctive poison. These three classes may be sufficiently described for popular purposes as the rattlesnake or *crotalus*, the pit viper or *lachesis*, and the coral snake or *elaps*. Three types of serums have been obtained from horses inoculated repeatedly with small doses of their three venoms; and an injection of the proper

antitoxin will save the life of a person bitten by a snake of any of these three groups. In order to provide for cases where the species of snake that caused the bite cannot be identified, Dr. Brazil has developed, by mixing the poisons of different species of serpents in the same horse, a fourth serum, which serves as a sort of general antitoxin.

Butantan Institute, therefore, is a great laboratory for preparing therapeutic serums. It keeps hundreds of poisonous serpents living and reproducing in freedom in its serpent gardens — places fairly alive with writhing, wriggling tenants. Some of these, like the surucucú, a snake of the boa constrictor type, reach even in captivity a length of ten or twelve feet. Rattlesnakes, jararaca, and coral snakes doze sluggishly in the tropical sun until a laboratory assistant quickly thrusts a fork over the neck of one of their number, and holds it up firmly with both hands, while a colleague opens the reptile's mouth with a pair of pincers and introduces a concave piece of glass. The angry snake bites this, depositing on it a yellow or colorless venom. This later is dried — very slowly, in order to preserve its toxic qualities. Anyone who sends live reptiles to the Institute is rewarded with tubes of antitoxin serum ready for immediate injection.

Although physicians and pharmacists throughout the country are generally supplied with the serums made at the Institute, the sparseness of the population and the great distances to be traveled very frequently prevent their timely use. The effects of snake-bite manifest themselves rapidly, though they vary in intensity according to the quantity and quality of the poison injected into the wound. The typical symptoms are: local lesions, immediate nervous and muscular de-

pression, a fall of temperature, difficult breathing, hemorrhages, weak but rapid pulse, nausea, and vomiting. A person who is bitten where he cannot receive immediate treatment has no hope whatever of recovery.

Possibly a campaign to exterminate venomous serpents will do more to save lives than even the commendable labor of this Institute. Statistics show that sixty per cent of the bites are on the feet, and thirteen per cent on the ankles. Consequently, stout shoes are the first and most effective defense against them. But it is very difficult to persuade the ignorant and poverty-stricken laborers on the plantations to wear shoes. Dr. Brazil has demonstrated that hogs are immune to rattlesnake poison, and has advocated employing them to exterminate the snakes; but this measure has given negative results. Hogs are so indifferent to snake-bites that they do not take the trouble to kill the reptiles even when attacked.

But Providence, which gave India the mongoose, gave Brazil the *mus-surana*. I have often seen fights between a mongoose and a poisonous snake staged for a few rupees in an Indian market. The mongoose, agile, supple, indifferent to the poison of the reptile, resembles a little fox. As soon as he sees a cobra, he stands up like a spiral spring, and after playing his victim for a few moments in a series of feigned attacks, he boldly seizes him. During the wild struggle that ensues, nothing is visible for a minute but a tangle of writhing coils. Then the cobra relaxes. The mongoose, who seemed for a moment doomed, emerges victorious from the fight, and promptly devours the brain of his opponent. It is not unusual in India for people to keep a mongoose around the house to destroy the serpents, just as we keep a cat to hunt mice.

Brazil has a harmless snake, nocturnal in its habits, that preys upon its poisonous kinsmen. It is about six feet long and of a bright steel-gray color. Butantan Institute has a number of these *mussurana* in captivity, where their method of dealing with their venomous prey is studied. Quite indifferent to the poison of their adversary, they seize and coil themselves around their victim, holding it fast until they can seize its head in their powerful jaws. Then, stretching out at comfortable length, they proceed slowly to swallow their victim head first. Sometimes the swallowed snake is almost as large as the swallower. Thus a snake becomes the sarcophagus of a snake. The process of deglutition takes about an hour, and digestion eight or nine days.

Our horror of poisonous reptiles makes us exaggerate the danger from them. Serpents of this class are extremely sluggish, and very rarely attack a human being unless they feel themselves threatened. If trodden upon or incautiously seized by the hand, they bite, but generally they take flight at the slightest noise. Rattlesnakes are the most irritable serpents of this class, but even they practically never make an unprovoked attack.

Dr. Brazil, during his long study of

serpents, has punctured many myths concerning them. For instance, he is utterly skeptical regarding their power to charm other animals. Their prey, when placed in front of them, shows no sign of being fascinated. Even rats and mice defend themselves fiercely until overpowered by the action of the venom. Experiments with birds have proved equally negative. Neither does Dr. Brazil believe men have the power to charm serpents. He does not believe in any such faculty. He says that snake-charmers always take the precaution to extract the poison fangs of the reptile they employ, or to immunize themselves against the venom by injecting minute quantities of it into their veins at regular intervals.

The latter opinion seems questionable to me after watching the docile evolutions of poisonous serpents in the hands of Indian snake-charmers and observing how responsive they become to the human voice and to music. Dr. Brazil has no faith in the legend that rattlesnake venom will cure leprosy. Neither does he believe in the efficacy of the popular remedies for snake-bite, such as ligatures and injections or applications of ammonia, permanganate of potash, or chloride of gold. He believes the only specific is an antiserum such as the Institute prepares.

A PAGE OF VERSE

THREE EPITAPHS

BY MARGARET SACKVILLE

[Observer]

I

OH, why disturb me
Where I 'm lying,
Small singing birds,
With your shrill crying?

Leave me in peace,
For dreams are bringing
Me sweeter songs
Than all your singing!

II

As some great house of noble stone
Is wrecked and broken in upon,
Break up my words and deeds: let none
Know where I 've stood or whither gone.

III

If one should take
Into his hand
A little heap
Of shining sand
And scatter it
Far out to sea,
That was my heart,
And that is me.

THE ENEMY

BY HERBERT EDWARD PALMER

[*The Unknown Warrior and Other Poems*]

PUT on, frail ghost, more tangible gown;
Compass me round and comfort me,
My soul is utterly cast down,
For I have killed my enemy.

I would that he were whole again,
Wounds would I take without a moan,
For as I flung him to the slain
I knew his spirit for my own.

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

THE LITERARY YEAR IN FRANCE

No sooner has the year 1924 successfully shuffled off this mortal coil than up rises a Parisian critic with pen poised and pencil ready to evaluate the crop of literature it has produced. This fearless individual is none other than M. Benjamin Crémieux, — novelist, critic for the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, and upon occasion translator of Luigi Pirandello's writings into French, — who contributes to *Les Nouvelles Littéraires* an article on 'l'Année littéraire 1924.'

M. Crémieux has learned caution since last year, when in the same paper — then newly founded — he undertook the same funereal task for the vanished year 1923. In his earlier article the critic, having summed up the year's literary output, was sufficiently daring to undertake prophecy anent the course of literary events in the new year. As anyone who has ever tried prophecy could have told him would happen, the course of events instantly turned in quite another direction; and now, with the year 1925 looming ahead of him, M. Crémieux throws up his hands like an honest man with the remark, 'It is much better to admit your powerlessness and frankly give up the attempt to predict the trend of literature.' This, for a literary critic, is disarming ingenuousness. Who would not heed the further views of such a man?

A year ago M. Crémieux thought that French literature was approaching the climax of a tendency which showed itself immediately after the Armistice but did not really get under way until 1920. By that time the young men who had left the army had settled down to the task of personally conducting their several fountain pens over large quanti-

ties of white paper, and a boom in novel-writing began. Some of the younger men were beginning to displace their elders in the important reviews, and the novels of Jean Giraudoux and Paul Morand speedily conquered the great public. Remembering the wild scramble to write literary drama which enlivened the closing years of the nineteenth century, M. Crémieux thought he foresaw a similar scramble to write novels — also literary, if possible. But though a flood of novels — which included some very good ones — poured from the presses, 1924 was not a 'novel year' in France. The younger writers, living up to the reputation of their age and their craft for contrariness, scoffed at prophecies and turned to poetry, philosophy, mysticism, and the literary consideration of moral problems. The best books of the year were not novels, but essays, memoirs, and travels.

One of the chief successes was André Maurois's *Ariel: ou la vie de Shelley*. The actual date of publication, to be sure, was sometime toward the end of 1923, but the book legitimately belongs to 1924, because its full influence was not felt until then. Scanning the glowing encomiums of sundry critics with a mildly envious eye, and glaring like green-eyed monsters at the mounting figures of its sales, other Parisian publishers bestirred themselves to find authors who might turn out books like it. It was not long before one publishing house after another was announcing the life of some famous man done in the new manner of M. Maurois's devising, and these are now all ready to burst upon the literary world.

M. Crémieux finds several tendencies especially marked in French letters dur-

ing 1924. The newer writers are avoiding the once-fashionable obscurity and trying to make themselves 'understood of the people.' Under the influence of Proust and Pirandello many of them have toyed with the problem of dual personality, but are now troubling themselves less about it. Finally, there is a sharp reaction against the wave of Orientalism which swept across Russia and Germany, reaching France last of all and yet coming to an end there long before the other two countries are ready to cast Asiatic literary influences aside.



THE TRUE ROMANCE

ROMANTIC traditions are not always so fictitious as the hard-headed folk of the modern world would like to believe. Sir Walter Scott's *Marmion* preserves a tale that when Henry VIII suppressed the monasteries Saint Cuthbert's body was smuggled from its tomb in Durham Cathedral and buried in a secret spot known only to three monks of the Benedictine Order, who were bound by an oath not to reveal it except to their successors in the guardianship.

This sounds like a fine bit of melodrama of the cloak-and-sword variety, and like very little else. But a contemporary English Benedictine, Abbot Cummins, O. S. B., in the current issue of a Yorkshire religious journal, declares that the romantic story is in the main quite true. The body was smuggled from the tomb, and the place of its reburial is still known to the Benedictines. The secret, however, is not confined to three monks, and is not held under oath. It is, moreover, contained 'in a written description as well as a plan.' Naturally, the British monk is not inclined to give away the secret, but he lets out enough of it to make it seem that the new burial-place is somewhere in the Cathedral or on its

grounds. At any rate, some twenty-five years ago the Cathedral authorities — who now, of course, are clergymen of the Anglican and not of the Roman Church — were asked to allow the Benedictines to make excavations to test the accuracy of their tradition. Apparently the Church of England clergymen were broad-minded enough to consent, but for some reason or other their permission was not acted upon. Abbot Cummins now suggests that the time has come to seek out the Saint's burial-place.



A MOVING PICTURE OF CLEMENCEAU

THE French Ministries of Foreign Affairs and Education are coöperating in the production of moving pictures showing eminent figures in French life 'in their daily habit as they live.' Among those whose counterfeit presentments have already been made, — M. Clemenceau, Marshal Joffre, and Paul Bourget, — the Tiger appears to have presented the most difficult problem. He has been living in a tiny cottage by the sea at St. Vincent-sur-Jard, and there the deputation of film-makers ran him to earth. Their leader delivered what he conceived to be a diplomatic address, and then — but it is better to quote the account given by a Paris correspondent: —

The 'Tiger' heard the flattering speech in sombre silence, and then rapped out like a machine-gun, '*Inutile d'insister, monsieur! C'est NON!*'

The film emissary, with characteristic pertinacity, returned to the charge. 'NON!' roared the unwilling 'subject,' adding, in his most *cassant* tone, 'I will not be exhibited! Why don't you leave me alone?'

'It is not a question of exhibiting you, *Monsieur le Président*,' persisted the seductive voice; 'quite the contrary. We want everybody, the world of to-day and to-morrow, to be able to pass a few moments with

you, to see you as you are — the world that knows you only through musty official documents, you who belong to the history of France!

'*Mais*, how you bore me!'

'*Hélas*, it is my duty, *Monsieur le Président*.' Then, after an anxious pause, the wily emissary risked: 'I will go and find the operator —'

'Where is he?' temporized the 'Tiger.'

'In the village, with the electricians and the rest of the outfit,' replied the visitor, scarce daring to breathe, as he saw the enemy obviously weakening.

'Why, it's a veritable ambush! Hurry up then!' And with a bang of his eternally gray-gloved hand on the arm of his chair, the 'Tiger' notified his surrender.

When it became a question of filming the 'interiors,' the electrician was almost struck dumb. 'Have you seen his table?' he ejaculated. 'It's a plank on two iron trestles. And his bed is a mattress laid on three boards! The place is full of tigers — ivory tigers, bronze tigers, silk tigers —'

When it was suggested that the electrical plant should be moved into the dining-room, the 'Tiger' seemed to be astounded. 'What!' he exclaimed, 'Do you think I've got a *salle à manger*, *moi*? I eat in my kitchen, like all good *vendeéens*. Here you are.' The lime-washed walls of the spacious cottage kitchen proved to be hung with eighteenth-century copper utensils of all kinds, including a long-handled warming-pan, and guns that were used by the Chouans during their ruthless insurrection.

Entering into the spirit of the thing, the veteran statesman insisted that Clotilde and Léonie, his two old servants, should be filmed as well as himself, and refused to be content until Léonie mounted a fat and sleepy donkey and ambled comfortably past the camera amid the 'Tiger's' joyous laughter.



THE CROWDED MUSEUMS OF GREAT BRITAIN

GREAT BRITAIN'S museums are finding themselves strained almost to the bursting-point by the plethora of material which they have accumulated since the

war began. Collections have enlarged, while buildings have not. The consequence is inevitable. The Natural History Museum and the Science Museum are in great need of enlargement, while the Imperial War Museum has less than half the space it needs. It is now suggested that at least one of the permanent buildings at the Wembley Exposition might be used for the ethnographical material in the British Museum, and might become an independent Ethnographical Museum.

The British Museum proper, even with its great building in Bloomsbury, is in some respects in the most difficult position of all. Under the Copyright Act it is given the privilege of receiving all copyright books and newspapers free, but there is an unlucky string to the privilege: the Museum is also required to keep what is thus received forever — all of it. Certain other libraries in the British Isles are entitled to receive free copies of all books copyrighted, but are not required to keep them, so that it is always possible to weed out the deadwood and keep the size of the collection within convenient limits.

So crowded is the building in Bloomsbury that it is now proposed to destroy certain classes of material which seem to be of least value. Lord Peel, in presenting to the House of Lords the Bill authorizing the Museum to do this, declared there was no danger that anything valuable would be destroyed. What his Lordship did not realize is the difficulty of telling now what may be valuable a hundred years from now. There is always the horrible example of the Bodleian Library at Oxford to remember, which, in order to make room for its newer and more 'valuable' acquisition when the Second Folio was published, promptly disposed of its copy of the First for a trifling sum — only to be compelled to buy it back

some centuries later for many thousand pounds.

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THE DIFFICULTIES OF ORIGINALITY

CONSIDER the woes of an author in quest of a title. The London *Outlook* tells this doleful tale about Mr. Michael Sadleir:—

When Mr. Sadleir started his third novel some two years ago, he had a title for it at the back of his mind. That title was *Fidelity*. No sooner was the novel finished than Miss Susan Glaspell's novel of the same title arrived from America, and was published here. Mr. Sadleir, in search of a new title, — and, I suspect, with a fondness for the one-word title, — pitched on *Obedience*. Under that name the novel went to the printer. That name appeared on a colored jacket for which wood blocks were specially designed and cut. Under that name the book was announced and advertised. Under that name it should have appeared next month in the bookshops. And then, a few days ago, there was quietly published a first novel by a new and unknown author. Its title was *Obedience*. I do not know what Mr. Sadleir said, but I can vouch for the fact that over the telephone, a few hours after the discovery that he had been forestalled, his restraint was marvellous. . . . This despite the fact that any change of name involved, among other things, the scrapping of the jacket and of thousands of leaflets about the book, then in the hands of the printer.

There was no time to be wasted in the choosing of a fresh title, if the book was to come out at the appointed time; so after considering and dismissing *Catherine* (the name of the heroine) because he found that also had already been used, Mr. Sadleir decided to call his novel *The Noblest Frailty*, which, I should think, is a safe choice — on the grounds of originality. I wonder how many readers of the *Outlook* will recognize it as a quotation, and if any could name at once its source. It is taken from a line of Dryden's play, *The Indian Emperor*:—

And love's the noblest frailty of the mind.

ENGLISH PLAYS IN VIENNA

IN spite of Max Reinhardt's best efforts, playgoers in Vienna do not seem to have extended a very warm welcome to the English plays which he has presented this year. Sutton Vane's *Outward Bound* was by no means a failure, but neither was it a very great success. It was followed by two plays of A. A. Milne's, *Mr. Pym Passes By* and *The Dover Road*, on both of which Reinhardt lavished all his skill, but to little purpose. In fact, the one British success of the theatrical season was Shaw's *Saint Joan*; but as an English critic observed, 'Mr. Shaw's cosmopolitanism breaks easily any frontier save the Bulgarian' — an allusion to the perennial Bulgar objections to the portrayal of their countrymen in *Arms and the Man*.

While Vienna was cold-shouldering the best efforts of English dramatists, London was quite ready to receive the Czech Čápek, the Austrian Schnitzler, the Magyar Molnar, all of whom have been equally popular in New York. This may perhaps indicate that the Viennese — having been cut off from the world since 1914, first by the war and then by financial depression — find it difficult to adjust themselves to the world outside, whereas the English and Americans have been brought closer to the rest of the world and encouraged to travel and to take interest in lands outside their own by the war and their relatively favorable financial position after it. The *Manchester Guardian* also reminds us that Anglo-Saxon customs are wholly unfamiliar to Central Europe, and English plays correspondingly hard to understand.

Yet, while the English drama is a relative failure, Vienna is enthusiastic about certain English novels, especially about George Moore's and John Galsworthy's.

BOOKS ABROAD

Piracy in the Ancient World, by Professor Henry A. Ormerod. London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1925. 10s. 6d.

[*Westminster Gazette*]

EXCEPT during the early centuries of the Roman Empire and in our own day there has never been a time, since men began to go down to the sea in ships, when the Mediterranean was free of pirates and when piracy was not a popular and a more or less flourishing profession. Thucydides wrote of it. There are stories of piracy in a papyrus of the reign of Rameses XII. The Homeric poems had much to say of piratical raids. Plutarch and Pausanias, Plautus and Terence, Quintilian, Seneca, Xenophon, Heliodorus, and many more of the ancients have something to say of pirates and their activities, and there is a vase in the National Museum at Athens which shows the ancient process of keel-hauling being put into practice at a time when neither pirates nor their victims, apparently, had begun to see any necessity for the use of clothing.

These facts Professor Ormerod gives us in a history of piracy in the ancient world which was intended, presumably, for the student, but which will appeal very strongly to everybody who knows the love of the sea and the peculiar fascination of the skull and crossbones.

Athos and Its Monasteries, by F. W. Hasluck. London: Kegan Paul and Company. 1924. Thirty-two plates. 12s. 6d.

[*Manchester Guardian*]

THIS is at once a history of and a guidebook to the Holy Mount, but it is not often that guidebooks, and not always that histories, are written by a master of the subject with which they deal. It is possible that a careless or ignorant reader might fail to perceive the wide and unusual erudition which is the real foundation of an apparently simple statement of facts. The austere economy of the presentation is indeed very characteristic of the author, who above all things hated pretentiousness in any form. But the traveler who takes this little book with him to Athos will soon discover how much skilled observation informed by a unique knowledge of the mediæval and modern Levant is packed into its few pages. Students of monasticism, again, — and students of Western ecclesiastical institutions will be well advised not to neglect both the analogies and differences which this study of Eastern monastic organization provides, — or those who are interested in the history of the

Near East, will find here the quintessence of a voluminous literature distilled through a learned and original mind. In the bibliography and the references they will also have an invaluable index to the discussions of specialist detail. The more they know the more they are likely to admire and learn from the book, and the more bitterly will they realize the irreparable loss to scholarship of Hasluck's early death.

Leaves from the Golden Bough. Culled by Lady Frazer. With drawings by H. M. Brock. London: Macmillan, 1924. 10s. 6d.

[*Daily Herald*]

ANTHROPOLOGY — or the study of man as a social creature — is one of the most exciting and enchanting of all the sciences. Just as it coaxed Sir James Frazer into writing a whole library of books when he only intended to write one, so it lures and beckons the student back to the morning and early afternoon of history, when our ancestors lit sun-charming ceremonial fires, so that the sun's own fire should be everlastingly rekindled, or hung branches of mistletoe in their cave-houses as a protection against lightning and storms, or preached terrible sermons to their sad sacrificial bears, or cured their toothaches by knocking nails into the walls of their huts.

Lady Frazer has collected these and some dozens of other tales from her husband's stupendous study of magic and religion, *The Golden Bough*, and they have been reprinted in this delightful book under such intriguing heads as Christmas and the Mistletoe, Uncanny Beings, Quaint Customs, Myths and Legends, Stories and Landscapes, and so on.

You can read here about the Giant whose Soul was in a Duck's Egg, the Princess who might not see the Sun, the Mock Beheading of the King on Whit-Monday, the Petrified Cascades of Hierapolis, the Heart in the Flower of the Acacia, and the gypsy custom of sawing the Old Woman in two.

You will learn from *Leaves from the Golden Bough* why fish are still treated with respect, in some parts of the world, how the Sea-Dyaks learned to plant rice, why the Rajahs of Nagpur have the serpent for their crest, why the Old Man was seized, and How the Ostrich's Ghost is Bilked: —

The Lengua Indians of the Gran Chaco love to hunt the ostrich, but when they have killed one of these birds, and are bringing home the carcass to the village, they take

steps to outwit the resentful ghost of their victim.

They think when the first natural shock of death is passed the ghost of the ostrich pulls himself together and makes after his body. Acting on this sage calculation, the Indians pluck feathers from the breast of the bird and strew them at intervals along the track.

At every bunch the ghost stoops to consider, 'Is this the whole of my body or only a part of it?' The doubt gives him pause, and when at last he has made up his mind fully the hunters are safe at home, and the bilked ghost may stalk in vain round about the village, which he is too timid to enter.

The illustrations, especially those in which the bear listens to his funeral oration 'without conviction,' and the serpent father protects his child, are excellent. In short, a popular and important book at a not very popular price. Why not a cheap edition?

La Pensée Américaine: Autour d'Emerson, by Régis Michaud. Paris: Bossard, 1924. 15fr.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

THE essays which make up this book are in general expository and even rather elementary, the author's purpose being to 'reveal the thought' of Emerson and other American authors of the last century to French readers. Professor Michaud believes, perhaps rightly, that the great figure of Emerson dominated and even now strongly influences American literature; and with this conviction he includes among Emersonians not only the indisputable names of Thoreau and Margaret Fuller, but the two Jameses, and even Henry Adams. He also gives us a politely skeptical note on Christian Science and a thoughtful essay on *le malaise intellectuel et social aux États-Unis*, a little spoiled by a suspicion of the nationalist propaganda now common in the writings of French professors.

Post-War Britain, by André Siegfried. London: Jonathan Cape, 1924. 10s. 6d.

[*Sunday Times*]

M. ANDRÉ SIEGFRIED is a well-known student of our affairs, and there is no one whose name on a

title-page would make the judicious more ready to consult a volume on *Post-War Britain*. He follows the successive phases of the economic trouble through which we have passed since the declaration of Peace. He insists that the decline in exports 'does not merely affect Britain's prosperity, but, if it continues, it will threaten the very basis of her existence.' He takes due note of Mr. Baldwin's point about the 'sheltered' and 'unsheltered' industries, and he recognizes how the more intensified economic nationalism of other countries compels a review of our traditional policies. He assumes on rather insufficient data a preponderance of judgment in favor of continued Free Trade: that prevails chiefly among those who have not yet realized, with M. Siegfried, that 'the margin that separates prosperity from bare existence is dangerously narrow.' That the author himself professes to discern no sovereign remedy for our troubles will in no way diminish the regard paid to his exposition of them. In the political sphere he recognizes that 'the flexibility of the Imperial conception is absolutely infinite,' he very shrewdly analyzes the weaknesses which sapped the authority of Mr. Lloyd George and the power of Liberalism, and he observes that 'Machiavelli could no more surely have destroyed the prestige of the Lords than have certain scandalous political promotions of recent years.' All readers of M. Siegfried will feel indebted to his penetrative lucidity even where they may not entirely agree with his conclusions.



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PALMER, HERBERT EDWARD. *The Unknown Warrior and Other Poems*. London: Heinemann, 1924. 5s.



NEW TRANSLATIONS

BORN, MAX. *Einstein's Theory of Relativity*. Translated from the German by Henry L. Brose. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1924.
COUPERUS, LOUIS. *Eastward*. Translated by J. Menzies-Wilson and C. C. Crispin. London: Hurst and Blackett, 1924. 18s.
GIDE, ANDRÉ. *Strait is the Gate*. Translated from the French by Dorothy Bussy. London: Jarrolds, 1924. 7s. 6d.